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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Nature

By HENRY MEDWALL

Written, c. 1486–1500
Date of only Known Edition, c. 1516–20
Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

Nature

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Nature

By HENRY MEDWALL

[*c.* 1486–1500]

Issued for Subscribers by

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Nature

By HENRY MEDWALL

One copy only of the original edition is known to be extant; it is now in the British Museum (*C* 34, *e.* 54). *The Museum copy has bound up with it, at the end, two duplicate leaves, c i. and c iv. A fragment* (*A iiii.*) *is in the Bodleian* (*Rawl. 4to*, 598, 12). *Another fragment of two pages, of some value as supplying two clipped lines* (*g iv.*, recto *and* verso), *was found in an album consisting entirely of "Specimens of the English printers from Caxton to Robert Barker," which Sir John Fenn had collected for the completion of Ames-Herbert's "Typographical Antiquities." This volume was offered for sale by Mr. Bernard Quaritch in Catalogue No.* 237, *pp.* 97–99, *the price affixed being £*280. *From this source, through the courtesy of Prof. Bang of Louvain University, I am able to give these two missing lines. It has not been possible to do the like in respect to the clipped lines on leaf g i.*

Although the original has neither date, place, nor printer's name, it was probably printed by John Rastell about 1516–20, *notwithstanding the obviously erroneous B. M. Catalogue entry to "G. Rastell, London,* 1538." *The original B. M. copy, the additional leaves therein, and the two Bodley and Quaritch fragments are all apparently of the same edition, and it is unlikely that the play was printed more than once.*

On the other hand, the date of composition is much earlier, as it was (see conclusion of "Fyrste parte") produced before John Morton, Cardinal and Archbishop of Canterbury (1486) *in Henry VII.'s time. This prelate died in* 1500.

Of the author, Henry Medwall, nothing is known beyond the fact that he was chaplain to Cardinal Morton. Bale says "Nature" was translated into Latin. Medwall wrote another interlude, not now extant, "Of the Finding of Truth, carried away by Ignorance and Hypocrisy," in which a fool was introduced, an innovation which commended itself to Henry VIII. when it was produced before him at Richmond, Christmas 1516. *Apart from this feature the piece was misliked, and the King "departyd before the end to hys chambre" (Bale).*

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department, British Museum, having compared this facsimile with the original, reports it as "admirably done," and that "there is little to which exception can be taken." He however remarks :—

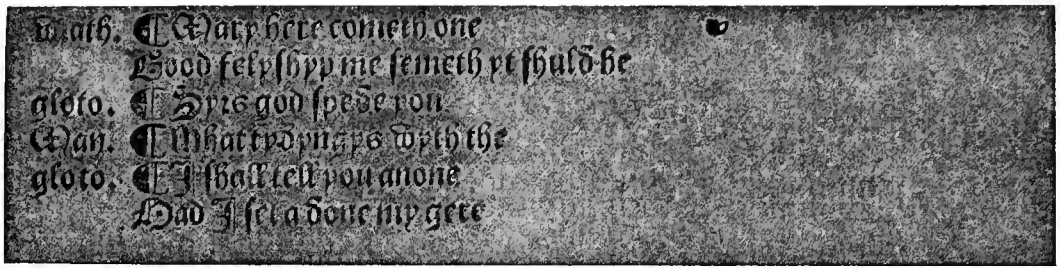
(1) *Sig. a iii.*, recto, *line* 8, *there is no flaw in the word "element" in the original.*

(2) *Sig. a iv., foot of page, the lowest and clipped line is rather more legible in original. It reads, "Sokur thy selfe man | I aduyse the hardely."*

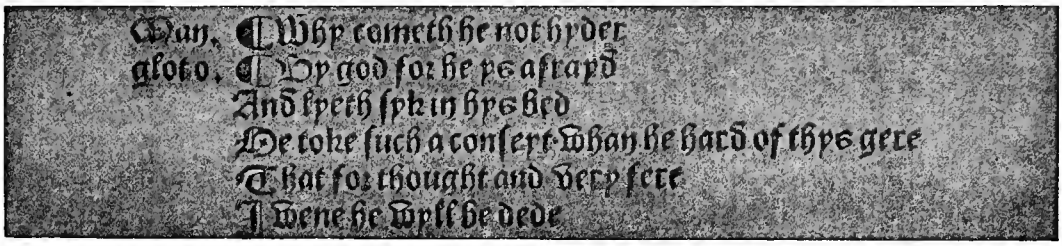
(3) *Sig. a iv.*, verso, *the last line reads, "¶ It ys a thyng | that doth ryght far excede."*

(4) *It will be observed that at the top right corner of the leaves figures in pencil have been inserted: those on folios* 13, 17, *and* 19 *are fainter than in original, but in no case are these pencillated numerals very clear, even in the original.*

(5) *Sig. g iv.*, recto *and* verso, *the missing lines, clipped from the foot of each page, are supplied, as already indicated, by fragments.*



"Nature"—*Sig. g iv.*, recto.



"Nature"—*Sig. g iv.*, verso.

It may also be noted that the marks at foot of Sig. iii., verso, *are accidental, and are not in the original. I point this out to make it quite clear that a line in this case has not been cut away.*

(6) *Sig. h i.*, recto, *the words and letters underlined in the last three lines* (*the "M" of "Mary," the "o" of "f" in second line from foot, and "ye are out" in the next and last line*) *are clear and sound in original. The bottom left-hand corner of the leaf is wanting, and has been replaced by a modern inlay, which shows clearly* verso.

(7) *Sig. i, i.*, recto, *there is no flaw in original at the top left-hand corner.*

(8) *Sig. i, ii.*, recto, *the last line is clearer in original.* "*. . . l . . . to r* (?) *eforme* | *and order my mynde.*"

(9) *Sig. i, ii.*, verso, *in the original it is clear that the last line ends* "*. . .* | *in thys case.*"

JOHN S. FARMER.

Nature.

A goodly interlude of Nature cõpylyd by mayſter Henry Medwall chaplayn to the ryght reuerent father in god Johan Morton ſomtyme Cardynall and archebyſhop of Canterbury.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

¶ Myrst cometh in Mundus and syttyth dowȝ sayth
nothynge and wyth hym worldly affeccyon bryngе a
gowȝ and cap and a gyrdyll for Mayn.

¶ Than cometh in Nature/Mayn/Reason/and In-
nocencye/and Nature syttyth dowȝ and sayth.

¶ Nature.

¶ Thalmyghty god/that made eche creature
As well in heuen/as other place erthly
By hys wyse ordynaunce/hath purueyd me nature
To be as mynyster/vnder hym immedyately
For thenchesoȝ/that I shold perpetually
Hys creatures/in suche degre mayntayne
as yt hath pleased/hys grace for theym to ordeyne
¶ To me yt longeth by naturall engendure
thyng to contynewe/that hath spyryte of lyfe
Whyche/ne were my helpe shuld neuer endure
But sodenly perysshe/and wax all caytyfe
Atwyxt the elementys/that whylom were at stryfe.
I haue swaged/the old repugnaunce
and knyt theym togeder/in maner of alyaunce
¶ Eke I haue ordeyned/the goddys Deane
Lady of the see//and euery freshe fontayn
Whyche comenly decreceth/whan she gynneth wane
And waxeth abundant/whan she creceth agayne
Of eb and flode/she ys cause certayne
and reyneth as prynces/in euery ple and towȝ
That wyth the see/ys compassed emyron
¶ I am causer/of suche impressyon
as appereth wonderouse/to mannys syght
As of flammes/that from the sterry regyon
Semeth to fall/in tymes of the nyght
Some shote sydelong/and some dowȝ ryght
Whyche causeth the ignorant/to stand in drede
that sterrys do fall/yet falleth there none in dede
¶ What nedeth yt to speke/of thyngys here by lowȝ
as fowles/bestys/and fysshes in theyre kynde
Of trees/herbys/and stones howȝ they growȝ
In whyche/men sondry and meny vertuous fynde
One thyng be ye sure/and thynk yt in your mynde

No maner creature/may take on hym ... cure
Of these worlys/but onely J nature
¶And playnly there ys/in erthe no maner thynge
That ys not partyner/of my influence
J do proupde/for euery beste kyupnge
Of naturall foode/alway suffycence
And geue theym also/a maner of prudence
Wherby they may/naturallyenseu
Thyng that ys delectable/and thother exchew
¶Who taught the cok/hys watche howres to obserue
And syng of corage/wyth shrill throte on hye
Who taught the pellycan/her tender hart to carue
for she nolde suffer/her bryddys to dye
Who taught the nyghtyngall/to recorde besyly
Her strange entunys/in slence of the nyght
Certes J nature/and none other wyght
¶But yf that J/shold clepe to memorye
Echo strange effecte/and euery great meruayll
That J haue caused/J ensure you sayth fully
That rather tyme/than processe shuld me fayll
yt were your payne/and to me but trauayll
All suche maters/as now to bryng in place
Wherfore J let passe theym/tell other tyme and space
¶But yf ye couet/now to know the effecte
Of thyngys naturall/by trew conclusyon
Counsell with Arystotell/my phylosopher electe
Whyche hath left/in bokys of hys tradycyon
How euery thyng/by heuynly constellacyon
Is brought to effecte/and in what maner wyse
As far as mannys wytt/may naturally compryse
¶Wherfore syth god/of hys great largesse
Hath thus enryched me/wyth dower of hys grace
And made me as who seyth/a wordly goddesse
Of duty J can/no lesse do in thys case
But wyth hart(s) ioy/and entyere solace
My selfe addresse/to do hys hygh pleasure
And to thys same/moue all other creatures
¶Enforce you therfore/hys creatures eche on
To honour your maker/wyth humble obeysance
Namely thow man/J speke to the alone
Byfore all other/as chyef of hys creance
Thynke how he/hath made the to thys semblance
Pluck vp thyn harte/and hold thyn hed vpryght

and euer more/haue heuen in thy ſyght
¶ Out de in hys boke/clepēd the tranſformacyon
among all other hys fables and poeſyes
Maketh ſpecyall/menſyon of thy creacyon
Shewyng how god/wonderouſly gan deuyſe
Whan he the made/and gaue to the themprpſe
Of all thys World/and feoffed the wyth all
as chyef poſſeſſyoner/of thyngys mortuall
¶ In token wherof/he gaue the vpryght vſage
and gaue the in commaundement/to lyft thyn eye
Vp towarde heuen/only for that vſage
To how ſhuldeſt know hym/for thy lorde almyghty
all other beſtys/as thyngys vnworthy
To behold therth/wyth grouelyng countenaunce
and be ſubdued/to thyn obeyſaunce
¶ But as touchyng/the cauſe ſpecyally
Wherfore I haue ordeyned the/thys nyght to appere
It ys to put the/in knowlege and memorye
To what entent/thow art ordeyned tobe here
I let the wyt/thou arte a paſſanger
That haſt to do/a great and longe vyage
and through the world/moſt be thy paſſage
¶ Addreſſe the ſelfe/now towardys thys iournay
for as now thou ſhalt/nolenger here abyde
Lo here Reaſon/to gouerne the in thy way
and ſenſualyte/vpon thyn other ſyde
But reaſon I depute/to be thy chyef gyde
Wyth innocencye/that ys thy tender norrce
Euermore to wene the/from thappetyte of vyce
¶ O lord of lordes/my lord god immortuall
Man. To the be honour/and ioy euer to endure
Whoſe heuenly empyre ſhall neuer be fynall
But world wythout end /remayne ſtable and ſure
Whom heuen and hell/and erthly creature
Wyth one aſſent/and all wyth one accorde
Honoureth/prayſeth/and knowlegeth for theyre lorde
¶ To the myne hed/I humbly inclyne
To thankyng thy grace/that fyrſt haſt ordeyned me
To be as a ſyly creature of thyne
and after that/of thy great bownte
Thou haſt me ſet/in ſouerayne degre
and gyuen me the profettys/of euery erthly thynge
aſwell of frutys/as of beſtys lyuynge

and that that ys/also most precyouse
thou hast me enspyred/wyth heuenly wysdome
Wherby I may/do workys meruaylouse
In euery place/where soeuer I come
Of eche perfeccyon/thy grace hath lent me some
So that I know/that creature no where
Of whose vertue/I am not partyner
¶I haue as hath/eche other element
among other in thys world/a comen beyng
wyth herbys and trees/contynuall norysshement
that ys suffysant/to naturall kyndyng
wyth sensuall bestys/I haue a maner of knowyng
Wherby I shuld/in good thyngꝭ delyte
and flee the contrary/of myne appetyte
¶And ouer all thys/thou hast gyuen me vertue
Surmountyng all other/in hygh perfeccyon
That ys vnderstandyng/wherby I may auow
And well dyscerne/what ys to be done
yet for all that/haue I fre electyon
To what I wyll/be yt euyll or well
And am put in the hande/of myne owyn counsell
¶and in thys poynt/I am halfe angelyke
Vnto thy heuenly spyrytys/almost egall
albeyt in some parte/I be to them vnlyke
for they be ordeyned/to endure perpetuall
and I wretched body/shall haue my funerall
When yt pleaseth/thy grace so to prouyde
Man ys not ordeyned/alway here to abyde
¶Wherfore vnto thy souerayne and hygh estate
Most heuenly prynce/I make myne oryson
Wyth yt hath pleased/thy noble grace algate
That I vnworthy/of so great renowyn
In thys world/shall haue possessyon
thou gyue me grace/my selfe to enure
as may me profyte/and be to thy pleasure
nature. ¶God hath herd thy prayer/makynd no dout
In all thy requestys/and ryght full petycyon
Now forth thy iournay/and loke well about
that thou be not/deceyued by fals prodycyon
Let reason the gouerne/in euery condycyon
for yf thou do not/to hys rule inclyne
yt wylbe to thy great myschef and ruyne
¶I wot well sensualyte/ys to the naturall

And graunted to the/in thy furst creacyon
But not wythstandyng/yt ought to be ouerall
Hubbued to reason/and vnder hys tuycyon
Thou hast now lybertye/and nedest no maynmyssyon
And yf thou abond the/to passyons sensuall
Fare wele thy lybertye/thou shalt wax thrall
sensua lyte. ¶What lady nature/haue I none interesse
As well as reason/or innocency
Thanke ye thys lady/a good processe
That they are auaunced/and I let go by
ye know ryght well/that I ought naturally
Byfore all other/to haue of hym the cure
I am the chyef perfeccyon of hys nature
¶Alas what coulde/the selfy body do
Or how sholde yt lyue/ne were the helpe of me
Certes yt could not well/crepe nor go
At the lest wyse yt shuld/neyther fele here nor se
But be as other/incensate bodys be
In mouche wurs case/than wormes o fthe grownde
In whyche vnneth/any tokyn of lyfe ys founde
¶Me semeth yt shuld/abhorr hym for to here
That I destrayned/shuld be in any wyse
Standynge that I/was create to be hys fere
Of all hys guydyng/to take thenterpryse
And now ye put me out of hys seruyce
And haue assygned/reason to be hys guyde
Wyth innocencye hys norysse/thus am I set a syde
¶Ye clepe hym lorde/of all bestys kyupnge
And nothyng worthy/as far as I can se
For yf there be in hym/no maner of felynge
Ne no kyuely quykenes/what lorde ys he
A lorde made of clowte/or karued out of tre
And fareth as an ymage/graued out of stone
That nothyng ellys can do/but stande alone
¶If ye intend/hym to contynew longe
In honour/or worldly felycyte
Ye most nedys folow/hys apetyte amonge
And conferme hym selfe/to the more parte
I tell you mey/wyll haue no deynte
to do seruyce/or homage to a block
all the world wyll/thynk yt but a mock
¶Suffer me therfore/to haue wyth hym a rome
and to be wyth hym/as chyef counseyll

and yf he do so/ I thynke to dome
He shall reygn in the World/as chyef gouerner
But yf Reason/tyrryll hym in the ere
Or bere hym on hand the how ys Wood
He shall neuer be able/to do erthly good
natur. ¶ My frend as I/sayd to you byfore
a Rome shall ye haue/no man sayth nay
But reason must be/preferred euermore
for he can best lede hym to the Way
Of vertue and grace/Wherby he may
Longest contynue/to goddys hygh pleasure
To ỹ Whych end/god hath ordeyned this hys creature
¶ Content thy selfe/now Wyth Reason my frend
And medyll the no further/than thou hast to do
Thou hast brought many a man/to a Wrecched end
And so thou Woldyst spyll/hys creature also
But What so euer he say/take no hede therto
Wythout that Reason/Wyll alow the same
for Who so doth the contrary/deserueth myche blame
¶ God and I Nature/haue set the in better case
Than any creature/Vnder the frumament
Abuse not man/abuse not thy grace
Of god almyghty/that from aboue ys sent
Thou shalt be the fyrst/that shall repent
If euer thou fle/Reason and sue foly
Whan onys thou felest/the smert of mysery
¶ But be of comfort/hardely god shall send
Both gostly ayd/and Worldly helpe also
And I shall neuer/fayll Vnto thy lyfes end
To mynyster Vnto the/as me oweth to do
Lo yender the World/Whyche thou must nedys to
Now shape the thyder/there ys no more to say
Thy lord and myne/guyde the in thy Way
Then Nature goeth out.
sensua ¶ Well lady nature leue/ye me in thys case
Shall I haue of you/none other comfort
Oy cryst yet/Wyll I not hyde my face
for as sone as We/shall to the World resort
I put no doubt/he Wyll me support
He hath ben my good mayster meny a day
And he Wyll not se me/thus cast away
¶ Reason.

Be not ſo paſſyonate/ne yt ſo furyouſe
thou turmentyſt thy ſelfe/and wotyſt not why
No well aduyſed body/wyll demean hym thus
Be ſure thy mynde/is all erronyous
thou takyſt a ſelfe well/and wrong opynyon
Whyche ſhalbe thyn and others confuſyon
ſenſua Lyre Reaſon ſyr ye ſpeke/lyke a noble man
but yet are ye take/wyth a poynt of ouerſyght
What wold ye make me/ſtand as a lordan
And not ſpeke one word/for myne owyn ryght
I ſe yt well/that yf your lordſhyp myght
By meanes poſſyble/onys bryng yt about
your ſelfe ſhuld be a ruler/and I but a caſt owte
Rea. A rular: certes and ſo I owght to be
and a lord alſo/though ye ſay yt in ſcorne
ſenſua A lord: whoſe lord. Rea. Thy lord
ſenſua Nay ſo mote I the
thou lyeſt/yt may no lengar be forborne
thou campſt but to nyght/ & mayſt hap go to morne
For yf thou be as haute/as thou begynneſt
thou ſhalt auoyd/mych ſonar than thou wenyſt
Rea. As for myne auoydaunce/how ſone ſo euer yt be
It ſhall not skyll/as for thys intent
But he that fyrſt fleeth/or forſaketh me
He ſhall haue greteſt/occaſyon to repent
It ſhalbe to hys great trouble and turment
that he hath left Reaſon/and ſuyd hys owyn folye
that therby ys fallen/to wreched penury
But now as touchyng/the honour and degre
that I am ordeyned to/I wyll thou vnderſtand
that almyghty god/of hys grace and bountye
Of the and ſuche/hath gruen me the ouer hand
And wyll that I vſe/the as a ſeruand
to aduyſe the and reforme the/whan thou gynſt to erre
And to clepe the homward/yf thou rayll to far
And where thou ſayſt/thou art ſo neceſſary
that man wythout the/can haue no lyuyng
as in that poynt/we ſhall not mych vary
I wote thou art neceſſary/to hys beyng
But be thou ſure/that ys not the very thyng
That maketh hym/to appere ſo wonderouſe
and to be in hys nature ſo noble and precyouſe
That thyng that doth myght far excede

All other perfeccyons/and vertuouse naturall
For sensualyte/in very dede
Is but a meane/whyche causeth hym to fall
In to moche foly/and maketh hym bestyall
So that there ys no dyfference/in that at the lest
Bytwyxt man/and an vnreasonable best
¶ But this other/cometh of great tenderaūce
and spyrytuall loue/that god oweth to mankynde
Whom he hath create/to hys owne semblaunce
and endued/with a wonderouse myndе
Wherby he may well dyscerne and fyndе
Suffysant dyfference/betwyxt good and bad
Whyche ys to be left/and whyche ys to be had
¶ Lo thys ys yt/that doth hym dygnyfye
and causeth hym to be/reputed so excellent
and of all thys/the chyef doar am I
Whyche from heuen in to erth by god am sent
Only for that cause/and fynall intent
That I shuld thys hys creature/demean and guyde
For the season that he doth in thys World abydе
¶ Now compare thy vertues/and myne togeder
and say whyche ys/the wurthyar of theym to
sensua ¶ Whyche ys the worthyar: forsoth I trow neyther
We be good felowys. ¶ Re. Nay my frend not so
Thou ought to obey me/where so euer I go
sensua ¶ Nay that shall I neuer do/for to dye
I shalbe thy felow be/lokе thou neuer so hye
¶ And therfore hardely/be somwhat felowlyke
Leue thyn hawt conceptys/and take a metely way
For shame of the World man/let vs not stryk
at a mater of ryght nogh̄t/and trauers here all day
Haue me in few wordys man/and hark what I say
Medyll thou in no poynt/that belongeth to me
and I shall promyse the/neuer to medyll with the
¶ And standyng the nonage/of thys gentylman
On my parell/take no care therfore
I shall demean yt/as well as I can
tyll he be passyd.xl.yerys and more
and reason then/yf ye wyll vndershore
Hys croked old age/when lusty youth ys spent
Than take vppon you. I hold me content
¶ For trust ye me/the very trouth ys thys
thys man ys put/in hys owne lybertye

And certaynly/the fre choyce ys hys
Whether he wyll be gouerned/by the or by me
Let vs therfore put yt/to hys owne ieopardye
and therin stande/to hys arbytrement
To whyche of vs twayne/he had leuer assent

Rea. Nay syr not so/I know hys fraylte
the body ys/dysposed for to fall
Rather to the worse/than the better parte
Butyt be holpen/by power supernall

sensua Tyet Reason/whan thou hast sayd all
yf thou se hym not/take hys owne way
Call me cut/when thou metest me a nother day

Rea. Tfor certayne yet/accordyng to myne offyce
I must aduertyse/and counsell hym at the lest
to hawnt vertue/and schew all vyce
And therin assyst hym/to the vttermest
and yf he wyll/algatys be a best
And take none hede/to my lore and doctryne
The parell and hurt/shalbe hys and not myne

Inno. Tyrs I shall answere/for thys man as yet
That he ys mayden/for all suche foly
as shold dystayne nature/or dyshonour yt
Brought vp wyth me/full well and tenderly
Wherfore I dare/the surelyar testyfye
For innocencye/that he ys yet vnspyn
Both for dede/and eke consent of syn
TAnd lengar wyll not I be of hys acquayntaunce
Than he ys vertuouse/and of good lyuyng
For fleshly lust/and worldly plesaunce
ys wyth innocencye/nothyng accordyng
But yf hys behauyour/and dayly demeanyng
Be of suche draught/as reason wyll alow
I shall hym fauour/and loue as I do now

sensua TWell spoken and wysely/now haue ye all done
Or haue ye ought ellys/to thys man to say

Rea. TO syr ye. TSensualy.pece no more of thys dysputacyō
Here be many fantasyes/to dryue forth the day
That one chatreth lyke a pye/that other lyke a iay
And yet whan they both/haue done what they can
Mägry theym teeth/I shall rule the man

TMan.

TO blessyd lord/what maner stryf ys thys
Atwyxt my reason/and sensualyte

That one meneth well/and that all other amysse
In one ys sekernes/and in tother great frayle
And both they be/so annexed to me
That nedest I must/with one of theym abyde
Lorde as thou thynkyst best/for me do prouyde
For I am wonderously/entryked in thys case
and almost brought/into perplexyte
Not withstandyng/thanked be thy grace
as I dyd neuer assent/ne aggre
To thynge that sholde/be contrarouse vnto the
Of synfull ded/and thought all innocent
Hubbyd to reason/as hys obedyent
Rea. Cryst graunt you therin/good contynuaunce
to be euer/of the same mynde and intent
But now wyll ye call/to your remembraunce
For what cause/ye be hyder sent
I hold yt well done/and ryght expedyent
that ye were brough/vnto the worldys presence
Man. Be yt so in goddys name/I pray you go we hens
Rea. And wyll ye that I/shall for you declare
Vnto the world/the cause of your comyng
What ys your intent/and what parson ye are
Man. Ye I wold be glad/that euery thyng
Be done euen/after your deuysyng
sensua Shall I than stand/as I were tong tyde
Man.
Ye hardely/tyll reason haue sayd
Rea. Hyr world/yt ys the mynde and also pleasure
Of lady nature/as she bad vs to you tell
that ye accept/and receyue thys her creature
Wyth you for a season/here to dwell
Desyryng you hartely/to entreat hym well
Wyth all the fauour/that ye can deuyse
Wherin ye shall do her/great pleasure and seruyce
The Worlde.
Hyrs ye be welcome/to vs hartely
your messagye ys/to vs ryght acceptable
Be ye assured/there ys nothyng erthly
to vs so ioyfull/ne yet so delectable
As to be acquaynted/with parsons honorable
Namely souch/as ye seme to be
Men of hygh honour/and of great dygnyte
And as touchyng the message/that ye haue brought

Haue therof/the full mynde and intent
Assuryng you/that our bysy thought
Shalbe to do/dame naturys commaundement
and thereunto/we wyll be dylygent
To do her pleasurys/in that we may
And so we wold/ye shold to her say
¶ And were ye shew/vnto me that thys may
Is ordeyned to reygne/here in thys empyry
I assent well/for or nature began
To shape the world/she thought fynally
to ordeyne man/therin to occupy
Me to take vppon hym/as myghty gouerner
Hauyng all thyng/subdued to hys power.
¶ Wherfore I receyue/gretly hys comyng
Mankynde syr/hartely welcom ye be
ye are the parsone/wythout faynyng
that I haue euermore/desyred to se
Come let me kys you. O benedycyte
ye be all naked/alas may why thus
I make you sure/yt is ryght perylous.

¶ Man.

¶ I thanke you/but I nede none other vesture
Nature hath clothed me/as yet suffysantly
Lytles of syn/and as a mayden pure
I were on me/the garment of innocencye
Inno. Ye hardely were that garment contynually
It shall thy body/suffysantly sauegard
from stormy weder my lyfe to ieopard

¶ The worlde.

¶ Be pece/fayre woman ye ar not very wyse
Care ye not/yf thys body take cold
ye must consyder/thys is not paradyse
Ne yet so temporate/by a thousand fold
Whose so lyueth here/be he yong or old
He must suffer/both feruent cold and hete
And be out of temperaunce/oft tyme in hys dyet
¶ Also he must nedys/do as the worlde doth
That intendeth any whyle/here to reygne
And folow the gyse that now a day goth
As for as hys estate/may yt mayntayne
And who doth the contrary/I wyll be playne
He is abyect/and dyspysed vtterly
and standeth euer bane shed/from all good company

¶ Syth god therfore/ hath ordeyned thys body
To dwell here/ in thys erthly regyon
Of conuenyence/ he must hym selfe apply
To worldly thyngs/ and be of suche condycyon
As all men be/ and leue eche fond opynyon
That ys not approuable/ of wyse men thay he
to take suche way/ yt ys but vanyte.
¶ Take thys garment/ may bo as I you byd
Be not ashamed/ hardely to do yt on
Lo lo/ now thys gurdell/ haue gurd yt in the myd
And thys for your hed/ go set yt vppon
By the charge of me/ you be a goodly on
As euer I saw/ syth ỳ I was borne
Wyth a thowsand/ that ye were beforne.
¶ Gyue me your hand/ be not in fere
Syt down/ as ye ar borne to occuppe thys place
I gyue you here/ auctoryte and power
Ouer all thynge/ that conceyued ys in the space
Of all the erth/ that rownd ys in compace
To be as lord/ of euery regyon
and therof I gyue you/ pessyble possessyon.

¶ Man.

¶ Blessyd be thou/ my lord most bounteouse
that of thy great/ abundant cheryte
Me thy wretched creature/ hast honoured thus
Wyth naturall gyftys/ and worldly dygnyte
Now I beseke the/ for thy great pyte
Syth thou hast set me/ in so noble way
Suffer me not here after/ wrechedly to decay
¶ For certes yt ys/ myne hartys desyre
So to demayn me/ in thys lyfe present
As may be most/ vnto thy pleasure
and vnto nature/ not dysconuenyent
Thys ys my wyll/ and my chyef intent
thys wyll I obserue/ thy grace to borow
though I therfore/ suffer mouche worldly sorow

Rea. ¶ For soth these wordys/ be gretly to alow
yf they from meke/ and lowly hart procede
Now mankynde/ syth thou hast made thys vow
Scape the therafter/ thy lyfe to lede
And let thy world/ be consyn to thy dede
that ys to say/ do thou none other wyse

Anno. Than thou here openly/ to god dost promyse

¶ Lye ſtyll and euer/loke that ye abſtayne
Not onely from dede/but alſo from the aſſent
So that ye commyt/neyther of theym tway
yf ye wyll obſerue/the hygh commaundement
For ſurely ye may/not be cleped innocent
Nor gyltles of ſyn/as for as I can fynde
yf onys ye aſſent/to folyn your mynde.

¶ Mundus.

¶ Thys ys an harde worde/ſyſter that ye haue ſpoken
An hard worde ſurely/and an heuy ſentence
But thynk ye godys/commaundement broken
For a lyght tryfull/and mater of inſolence
Alas haue ye ſuche a ſpyced conſcyence
That wyll be entryked/wyth euery mery thought
Leue yt woman leue yt. For yt ys nought
loqui- ¶ And man as for you/ye ſhall not take that way
ad ho. That maner of obſeruaunce/ys to hard and ſtrayte
ye muſt attempte the world/and therin aſſay
Whether ye can lyue/after that endrayte
Theſe .ii. folk/harp both on reſrayte
and euer enbeſyeth theym/to rebuke you of ſyn
¶ That neuer was ſpotted/ne fownd gylty therin
take none hede of theym/theyre wordys be but wynde
and as for thys tyme/I commaunde theym to ſylence
And let vs ſe now/how ſtately ye can fynde
Yy ſage polycy/and worldly prudence
To mayntayne the ſtate/in honour and reuerence
that ye ſhall be in/whyle ye in the world dwell
Speke of thys mater/and ponder yt well
¶ Fyrſt me ſemeth neceſſary/to proupde
What maner folkys/your ſeruauntys ſhall be
For ſurely ye ar/nothyng accompanyde
accordyng/to a man of your degre
ye haue here wyth you .ii. parſons or .iii.
That pleaſeth you happely/in the beſt wyſe
yet yt appereth not ſo/to euery mannys ges.
¶ What man ys thys?

¶ Man.

¶ Reaſon ſyr my chyef conſelour
And thys innocency/my noryce hyderto
And ſenſualyte that other/by whom I haue power
To do/as all ſenſate beſtys do
But reaſon and innocency/chyefly theſe two

Daue the hole rule/and gouerny of me
To whom ehe ys subdued/my sensualyte
sensua For cartayne syr/reason hath done me wrong
More than euer he shalbe able to recompense
God knoweth syr I thought/the season very long
Tyll we were brought/vnto your presence
But now I pray you/to adnull the sentence
That nature gaue vnto me/by reasons aduyse
to my great hurt/and vttyr preiudyce
And syr I aske/none amendys erthly
But that reason/may haue a chek mate
A lytell knack/a lytell prayty congy
Ys haut corage/some thynge to abate
For hyderto/he hath kept great estate
And had of me/the ouer hande and strengar
But ye not dyspleased/I wyll suffer yt no lengar

Mundus.

Thou hast had great wrong/and that ys ypte
For yf thou be the parson/that I take the fore
thou sholdyst be/as honorable as he
sensua Lord ye say well/but woldgod ye wold se
Some maner helpe/and remedy for thys euyll
And let me not alway/lyue thys lyke a dryuyll

Mundus.

Syr ye know well/that yf so yt were
A man shold sodenly/come to a straunge place
Wherin he ys/but alyand and straunger
He must nedys be/compelled in that case
to put hym selfe/in the fauour and grace
Of some syngler person/that can shew hym the way
Of all the behauour/and gyse in that contray
Ho yt ys now/that ye be hyder sent
thys contray as yet/to you vnknowen
In myne opynyon/yt ys expedyent
to take some other counsell than your owne
Of well enured men/suche as haue growne
In worldly experyence/and haue therof the dryft
And can best for you/in tyme of nede shyft

Homo.

Certes ye moue/ryght well and prudently
and I am well content/that yt so be
But as yet/haue I not the polycy
To know whyche men/haue most abylyte

Mun. ¶ Dare ye commyt/the mater vnto me
homo. Ye ſyr/ryght well/I am fully content
That all thynge be done/by your aſſygnement
Mun. ¶ Thā thus I wyll/that aboue all thyng
From hens forward/ye be lyke and conformable
Vnto other perſones/in all your demeanyng
Namely to ſuche/as be companable
Be they neuer ſo vycyouſe/or abhomynable
For euery man/cleppth hym wyſe
That doth after the comen gyſe.
¶ And as for men/that ſholde do you ſeruyce
I know dyuers perſones/that be ryght honorable
That can you ſerue/alway poynt deuyce
In all the worlde/be there none ſo able
So wyſe/ſo polytyke/ne yet ſo profytable
Lo here ys one of theym/that I ſpeke fore
and he hym ſelfe can tell you/where ye ſhall haue more
¶ Worldly affeccyon ys thys mannys name
He ys well brayned/and wonderous of inuencyon
a fore caſtyng man/and payne of ſhame
ye ſhall not fynde/in any cryſten regyon
a wyſer felow/in thyngys to be done
Specyally of materſ/that be concernyng
Worldly pleaſure/that ys for you accordyng
¶ Suffer hym therfore/neuer to departe
But yf yt be/for materſ of great ſubſtaunce
and for ſenſualyte/I pray you wyth all my harte
To accept hym to your fauour and tendraunce
He hath ben longe/of myne acquayntaunce
and on my farth/my harte can not but grudge
To thynke that ye ſholde vſe hym as a drudge
¶ Do as he aduyſeth you/hardely now and than
and dyſpyſe not/vtterly hys counſell
Thynke that ye be here/a worldly man
and muſt do as men/that in the world dwell
ye ar not bounde/to lyue lyke an aungell
Ne to be as god/alway immutable
Mannys nature/of hym ſelfe ys full myſerable
¶ I haue tolde you now/my counſell and aduyſe
And ye haue promyſed/to be ruled therby
Now let eche man/execute hys offyce
and ſe how wyſely/ye can theym occupy
To encreace the world/and yt therto ye muſt apply

Now addresse you therto/and demeane you thus
I shalbe to you/euer good and prosperouse
Man. Syr I thank you/of thys curtesy
Undeserued as yet/but be ye sure
I shall my selfe/endeuour bysyly
to do that may be/to your pleasure
And for the season/that I shall her endure
I shall theym cherysse/and to my power mayntayne
That unto you in any wyse do partayne
p Wor. Than to bygyn wyth all/I wyll aduyse you
to put thys man/from your company
I tell you/euery man wyll despyse you
As long as ye/be ruled by innocency
to folow suche counsell/yt ys but foly
for he can neyther good neyther euyll
and therfore he ys taken/but for a dryuyll
Man. Wy my fayth/euyn as ye say
It lyketh me not ryght well
Wyth innocency longe to dwell
therfore accordyng to your counsell
I wyll not after thys day
Wyth hys company my selfe affere
As mewet as yt were a gray frere
I suppose there ys no man here
What soeuer he be
That could in in hys mynde be content
all wayes to be called an innocent
Wherfore yt ys myne intent
to do as ye aduyse me
p Wor. Cye hardely do euyn so
Inno. Forsoth and I hold me well content
to departe at your commaundement
ye shall fynde me obedyent
What soeuer ye byd me do

Here innocene goeth out.

sensua Tho the company ys well amend
Let hym go to the deuyll of hell
He ys but a boy I warn you well
and shuld ye folow hys counsell
All myghty god defend
yf euer ye lust to play the man
It ys tyme th at ye now bygan
Mary to play the boy now and than

for your opportunite
It forceth not though ye do
Whan ye may haue leyser therto
And among I wyll helpe you also
In due tyme and place
p Wor. Eye that ye wyll in dede
But now syr wyll ye any thyng
Commaund me byfore my departyng
Man. Nothyng at all to my wetyng
But our lord haue you in hys kepyng
And send you well to spede
p Wor. Worldly affeccyon come hyder/ye are polytyke
and mych better enured/in thys world than I
I pray you dyspose for me/as ye thynk most lyke
That I may lyue here well and honorably
p Wor. Eye syr I shall. Dout ye not hardely
yf yt lyke you/to put me in so great trust
And I trew ye shall fynde me/trew and iust
Man. I wote well I shall. Surely you be bound
To the world/that hath gyuen you so great cõmendacyon
p Wor. Eye syr some men had leuer than a thowsand pound
They myght be commended/of the same fassyon
But syr let passe/all thys commendacyon
and answere to me/I pray you frutefully
In that I shall meue you/substancyally
Syr at fewe wordys/I you exhorte
Syth that ye be come to your owyn
Cast your selfe to bere suche a porte
That as ye be/ye may be knowen
Eke yt ys necessary/for that behoue
that there be made/some maner of purueyaunce
Wherby/ye may bere out your countenaunce
Wyll yt lyke you therfore/that I surueye
And se the extent/of all your land
and there vppon/in all the hast purueye
Both for you and yours/all maner of vytayll
Wyth other vtensylys/redy at your hand
So that ye be purueyd/all tymes erely and late
Of eche thyng/that belongeth to your estate
Man. Your counsell ys good/do as ye thynk best
I commyt all suche thyng/to your dyscrecyon
I shall do my trew/bysynes at the lest
To bryng all thyngys/to good conclusyon

Man. ¶ Adyoe worthy affectyon/ye make no mencyon
Who ſhuld awayt/and gyue attendaunce
I muſt haue mo ſeruauntys/what ſo euer chaunce
W.aff. ¶ What ye haue Henſualyte/ax neuer other counſell
Of ſuche mater/he can you beſt adupſe
He knoweth where/all ſuche maner parſons dwell
as be moſte apte/to do you worldly ſaruyce
ſenſua ¶ Then he goeth out.
¶ Tye on my parell ſyr/I ſhall take the enterpryſe
Of all ſuche maters/and loke where I fynde
any man of pleaſure/on hym ſet your mynde
Lo wyll ye ſe lo/here cometh one
Man. Euen the laſt man/that was in my thought
¶ What ys he. ¶ Henſua.ye ſhall ſe anon
a well drawen man ys he/and a well taught
That wyll not gyue hys hed for nought
And therto goodly/as ye ſhall ſe in a day
pry.co. As well apparelyd/at eche poynt of hys aray
¶ Who dwelleth here/wyll no man ſpeke
Is there no fole nor body peke
Now by the bell yt were almys to breke
Some of theſe knaues browe
A gentylman comys in at the dorys
That all hys dayes hath worn gylt ſpurys
And none of thys knaues nor cutted horys
Yyddys hym welcom to houſe.
¶ Wote ye not how great a lord I am
Of how noble progeny I cam
My fader a knyght my my moder callyd madame
Myne auncetere great eſtatys.
And now the lyuelod ys to me fall
By both theyre dethes naturall
I am ſpoken of more than they all
Dens to parys gatys.
¶ How ſay ye ſyrſt by myne aray
Doth yt plea ſe you ye or nay
In the beſt wyſe I dare well ſay
By that ye knowe me a whyle
And one thyng I put you out of dout
I haue wherwyth to bere yt out
As well as any man here about
Wythin theſe hundreth myle.

a ſtaryng colour of ſcarlet red
I promyſe you a fyne threde
and a ſoft wull
It coſt me a noble at one pyche
The ſcald capper ware ſpythyche
That yt coſt hym euen as myche
But there Pryde had a pull
I loue yt well to haue ſyde here
Halfe a fote bynethe myne ere
For euer more I ſtande in fere
That myne nek ſhold take cold
I knyt yt vp all the nyght
and the day tyme kemb yt down ryght
And the yt cryſpeth and ſhyneth as bryght
as any pyrled gold
My doublet ys on laced byfore
A ſtomacher of ſatyn and no more
Rayn yt ſnow yt neuer ſo ſore
Me thynketh I am to hote
Than haue I ſuche a ſhort gown
Wyth wyde ſleues that hang a down
They wold make ſome lad in thys town
a doublet and a cote
Som me wold thynk ẏ this were pryde
But yt ys not ſo/ho ho abyde
I haue a dagger by my ſyde
yet therof ſpake not I
I bought thys dagger at the marte
A ſharp poynt and a tarte
He that had yt in hys hart
Were as good to dye
Than haue I a ſworde or twayn
To bere theym my ſelfe yt were a payne
They ar ſo heuy that I am fayne
to puruey ſuche a lad
Though I ſay yt a praty boy
It ys halfe my lyues ioy
He maketh me laugh wyth many a toy
The brethyn ys ſo mad
I begate the horſon in haſt
It was done all in haſt
ye may ſe there was no waſt

Do occupye no great place
Sometyme he ſerueth me at borde
Sometyme he bereth my two hand ſword
Com forth thou lyteſt lyke lord
Lobe in thy faders face
¶But now to do that I com fore
And of theſe thyngꝭ to ſpeke no more
Mary ſyrs me longeth ſore
To here ſome newelte
I here ſay there ys a great ſtate
Com in to thys contray late
And ys dyſpoſed algate
an houſholder to be
¶fathers ſoule ſyrs/ye ſhall vnderſtād
That yf he kepe houſhold in thys land
I wyll threſt in one hand
Who ſo euer ſay nay
What ſo euer the man intend
To appayre the world or to amend
I wylbe wyth hym at that one end
Hap what hap may
¶I mete worldly affeccyon ere wyle
from thys town ſhant a myle
and he hath ſhewed me a pratty whyle
If I may put yt in vre
He tellys me that Henſualyte
Begynnys a great rular to be
and yf yt be ſo/care not for me
The mater ys colr ſure
¶By good lord what man ys that
fathers ſoule thys ys ſome great wat
garcio. ¶Thys ys he that ye ſeeke
Pryde ¶He thys brat
Thys boy ys paſſyng taunte
Com behynd and folow me
Set out the better leg I warne the
garcio. ¶Yes in the beſt wyſe truſt ye me
ale ſeygniour ale vouſe auant
Pryde ¶Hailo to you ſyr. ¶Mā. & to you alſo
Whens are ye
Pryde ¶I ſhall telle you or I go
But fyrſt wold I ſpeke a worde & no mo
Wyth thys ſeruant of yours

Sensua ¶ Wyth me syr. Wolde ye speke wyth me
Pryde ¶ Ye for god are ye not Sensualyte
Sensua ¶ Yes surely. ¶ Pryde. ye such a gentylman ye seme to be
Sensua ¶ Your pore seruaunt at all howrs

¶ Then Pryde speketh to Sensua./in/hys ere that all may here.

Pryde ¶ Syr I vnderstand that this gentylman is borne to great
fortunes and intendeth to inhabyt therein the contray. And
I am a gentylman ꝑ alway hath be brought vp wyth great
estatys and affeed wyth them and yf I myght be in lykefa-
uour wyth this gentylman I wold be glad therof/& do you
a pleasure.
Sensua ¶ Where ys your dwellynge
Pryde ¶ I dwell her by
Sensua ¶ What ys your name
Pryde ¶ Pryde
Sensua ¶ Pryde?
Pryde ¶ Ye syrerly
But I am clepeꝺ Worshyp comenly
In placys where I dwell.
Sensua ¶ Worshyp now in fayth ye saw trew
ye be radix viciorum. Rote of all vertew.
Pryde ¶ Ye ye may ye wolde say so yf ye me knew.
Sensua ¶ Turd I know you well
Syr ye are welcom as I may say
I shall bryng you in seruyce yf I may
And yf one may stand not in the way.
Pryde ¶ One man what the deuyll ys he
Sensua ¶ By god one that loueth not the
Nor me neyther.
Pryde ¶ I pray the tell me
What maner of man he ys
And I shall gyue hym a lyft as I gesse
Sensua ¶ Wylt thou so doubtlesse.
Pryde ¶ Ye and that wythin a short processe
In fayth I wyll not myssе.
Sensua ¶ Surely I can not spy the wayes how
Pryde ¶ Let me alone I shall go well ynow
Aquaynt me wyth that may and care not thou
The mater shall spede
Sensua ¶ Mark cosyn fyrst spede thys mater
And yf pender may make the not good chere
As ony man that euer cam here

Pryde Syr I ſhall tell the how/whan I am in
To thy maysters ſeruyce I wyll fyrſt begyn
To ſet hys hart on a mery pyn
And byd hym make good chere
I wyll byd hym/thynke how he ys create
To be a worthy poteſtate
And ele that he ys predeſtynate
to be a prynces pere
And other thyngys more than thys
I ſhall bryng that hart of hys
To be more howt than yt ys
By a de wys aſe
Specyally I wyll commend hys wyt
That no man can amend yt
And that he ys able therby to ſyt
as a iuge in comen place
And when I prayſe hym thys wyſe
I thynke hys hart wyll begyn to ryſe
and after that vtterly deſpyſe
any opray counſell to here
He ſhall truſt all to hys own brayne
and than wold Reaſon neuer ſo fayne
Though he come and ſuche opry twayn
He ſhalbe neuer the nere
ſenſua Surely thys conſeyt ys well found
I ſhall bryng the in ſeruyce for twaynty pound
Pryde Gramercy brother I thynke me mych bound
To the for thy curteſy
But ſyr abyde here on thyng
I wyll not be knowen that yt ys my ſelfyng
ſenſua No more wold I for .xl. ſhelyng
Let me alone hardely
ſenſua Syr yf yt pleaſe you here ys come a ſtraunger
That neuer was aquaynted wyth you ere
Somwhat ſhamefaſt and halfe in fere
To put hym ſelfe in preſe
A goodly parſone be ye ſure
Both of countenaunce and of feature
If he were drawn in portrayture
And a good man doubtles
ye and a wyſe man at all
Wyll yt pleaſe you that I hym call

to ſpeke wyth you. ¶Ma. byd hym com. ¶Sē. I ſhall
Syr wyll ye come nere.
ſenſua ¶Syr byd hym welcome for the maner ſake
Another day I am ſure he wyll crake
And ſay ſuche a gentylman dyd hym make
Very great chere
Deſyre hym for to dwell wyth you
I tell you he ys a man for your prow
and knoweth the world well I now
No man better than he
Man. ¶Syr ye be welcom to thys place
Pryde ¶I thanke you ſyr/but I do you treſpace
to come thus homly. ¶Senſua.ye a parlous caſe
God wote ye are welcom heder
Dy my fayth by my wyll
ye ſhall dwell wyth vs ſtyll
Go nere to hym and talk your fyll
I leue you togeder
¶He goeth forth.
Man. ¶Now ſyr what haue ye to ſay to me
Pryde ¶No great thyng ſyr/but I come to ſe
And to know what maner man ye be
That all men prayſeth ſo mouche
Man. ¶Prayſe whom prayſe they. ¶Pryde.Mary you
Man me. ¶Pryde.ye ſyr I make myne auow
They gyue you a prayſyng good I now
I harde neuer none ſuche
and ſurely ye be ryght worthy
I ſe well now they do not ly
and therefore I dyd my hyder hy
To acquaynt me wyth you
But ye may ſay that I am bold
Man. ¶May ye ar worth thy weyght of gold
Me thenketh me to you myche behold
I pray you what ys your name
Pryde ¶My name ys Wurſhyp. ¶Man.Wurſhyp now ſurely
The world told me yt was my deſtyny
To come to Wurſhyp or I dye
Pryde ¶Truly I am the ſame
Man. ¶Now Wurſhyp I pray you me tell
your wyſedom and alſo counſell
ye can auertyſe me paſſyng well
In thyngys that I haue to do

Pryde ¶ In good fayth any thyng that I
May do to your pleasure yt ys redy
I am your owñ and pray you hartely
That ye accept me so
But where ye aske counsell of me
Me semeth ye saue not your honeste
May. ¶ Myne honesty. Wherfore let se
I pray you shewe me why
Pryde ¶ Mary syr for yt ys ryght syttyng
That a man of your behauyng
Shuld haue alway suffycyent conyng
Of worldly wyt and polycy
To guyde hym selfe euery where
And not to be led by the ere
And beg wyt here and there
Of euery iak a ppe
ye are welk complexyond be ye sure
And nature hath done on you here cure
As myche as vpon any creature
that euer I sawe with myne eye
And by lykelyhod syr I wys
ye haue wyt accordyng to all thys
Dyuersys nature hath wrought a mysse
And that ys not lykely
May. ¶ Now certayne thankes be heuen kyng
I haue a ryght quyk vnderstandyng
If ye shewe me any thyng
I can sone perceyue yt
But I was forbyd by reason
On myne owñ fantasye to ron
Or to take any presumpcyon
Of myne owñ wyt
Pryde ¶ Sayd reasō so. Mary fy on him knaue
yt were better ỹ māgmā where i his graue
than euer the lewd fole shold haue
the gouernaunce of you
May. ¶ Certayn nature aduyseth me
to folow reason what tyme that she
Put me fyrst in auctorite
that I stand in now
Pryde ¶ Alas alas man ye be mad
I se well ye be but a very lad
On my fayth I was very glad

Of your fyrst acquayntaunce
And now I forthynk yt vtterly
That euer I knew you fy fy fy
I hard neuer certaynly
Of suche a nother chaunce
Wyll ye draw to that felyshyp
I wold ye had .iii. strypes wyth a whyp
Euen vpon the bare hyp
If I shuld you not greue
He that wold lordshyp enioy
And playe euer styll the old boy
Me semeth he doth but make a toy
And ye wyll me beleue

Man. Wurshyp for goddys sake greue ye not

Pryde Why's ye ar but an ydeot
I pray you syr make not me a sot
I am no tryfler
I haue bene in honour here to forne
ye alow the counsell of a karle borne
Byfore myne I haue yt in scorne
It ys a thyng I can not bere

Man. Whom meane ye Reason

Pryde Ye that same daw

Man. What ys he a wyse man

Pryde He ys a straw
Bycause he kepps you vnder aw
ye be therin blynd

Man. And so doth he wythout faynyng
for hyderto I mygbt do nothyng
but after hys wyll and byddyng
And that groges my myndе

Pryde Grouge or a yt ys no maruell hardely
It shall greue me certaynly
As longe as I am in your cumpany
To se you demeaned in that wyse
ye be now in good way
but in fayth I lyke not your aray
It ys not the fassyon that goth now a day
for now there ys a new guyse
It ys now .ii. dayes a gon
Syth that men bygan thys fassyon
And euery knaue had yt anon
Therfore at thys season

There ys no man that ſetteth thereby
If he loue hys owȳ honeſty
Man. Some me ſemeth certaynly
That euery man ys freſſher than I
And I wys that ys no reaſon
Here cometh in Worldly affec. & Henſua.
Senſua Reaſon quod ano no
But ſyr wote ye what ye ſhall do
Hardely let vs .ii. go
To ſome tauerȳ here byſyde
Com on I can bryng you there
and let theym alone wyth all thys gere
Care ye nothyng for the mater
but let theym here abyde
And ye wyll ſuffer and let theym alone
ye ſhall ſe them deuyſe you a new faſſyon
That all the world ſhall wonder theron
Man. Wy god that wyll I do goodly
but I pray you ſyrs do your dylygence
for thys aray and ſpare none expence
and for a whyle I wyll go hens
And come agayne ſhortly
Here Man and Henſualyte go out.
W. aff. Brother Pryde now the weyght
Of all thys mater reſteth in the
Pryde Thuſhe thou ſhalt ſe me deuyſe it eue ſtreyght
It ys but iapes that gere wyth me
I haue none other ſtudy a dayes parde
but how I may new faſſyons fynde
and theron I ſet all my labour and mynde
Syr our mayſter ſhall haue a gown
That all the galandys in thys town
Shall on the faſſyon wonder
It ſhall not be ſowed but wyth a lace
Brt wyxt euery ſome a ſpace
Of two handfull a ſonder
Than a doublet of the new make
Cloſe byfore and open on the bak
No ſleue vpon hys arme
Vnder that a ſhyrt as ſoft as ſylk
and as whyte as any mylk
to kepe the carcas warm
Than ſhall hys hoſen be ſtrypȳ

Wyth corſelettys of fyne Veluet ſlyped
Down to the hard lne
And fro the lne downward
Hys hoſen ſhalbe freſhely gard
Wyth colours .ii. or thre
¶ And whan he is in ſuche aray
There goth a rutter men wyll ſay
a rutter huf a galand
ye ſhall ſe theſe foles on hym gaſe
and muſe as yt were on a maſe.
New brought into the land

W.aff. ¶ Ha ha ha now by the mary Vrygyn
Thys wyll ſet hym on a mery pyn
Euen as yt ſhuld be
But euer I am in great fere
That Reaſon wyll whyſter hym in the ere
and torne hys mynd clene fro thys gere
Thys thynge fereth me

Pryde ¶ Reaſon nay nay hardely
He ys forſaken vtterly
Syth I cam to hys company
He wold not onys appere
Neuer theleſſe for a ſurte
Worldly affeccyon I adupſe the
as ſhortely as euer yt may be
for ſpede of the mater
To bryng hym ſhortly in acquayntaunce
Wyth all the company of myne affyaunce
and let theym gyue contynuall attendaunce
Euery man buſyly
after the propertye of hys offyce
Than ſhall ye ſe hym vtterly doſppce
Reaſons counſell on Warantyſe
and forſake hym vtterly

ſenſua ¶ Nay nay ſyr be care ye nothynge
That mater ys ſped well and fyne

Pryde ¶ Is yt ſo. ¶ Henſua. ye by heuen kyng.
Euen as we ſat togeder at the wyne

W.aff. ¶ Thou ſhalt haue goddys bleſſyng and myne
but ys yt true

ſenſua ¶ Ye ſyr by thys day
Our mayſter and Reaſon haue made a great fray

Pryde ¶ How ſo

sensua ¶ By my fayth we sat together
at the tauern next herby
And anon who should come together
but fleyng kat and margery
She that bygyled you parde so prately
and bare away your shyrt the last mornyng
Stede of her smok whyle ye lay slepyng
Pryde ¶ I wote whom ye meane well I now
but that ys nothyng to thys purpose
Tell on thy tale for god auow
sensua ¶ I shall anon bad I wypt my nose
Syr whan I spyde theym anon I rose
and called theym vnto me by name
And wythout more tarpeng anon they came
¶ And sat down with vs/ & made nothyng straūg
as they be full curteys/ ye know yt well
And anon our maysters colour bygan to chaunge
wherof yt cam/ I can not tell
Ons chere was appalled/ euery dell
and scant that he could spekе to me one word
But stert hym euen vp and rose fro the bord
¶ He sayd he wold go/ ly down on a bed
and prayd me for the maners sake
That margery myght com hold hys hede
Whyche as he told me/ bygan to ake
And so she hath hym vndertake
To make hym hole/ in an houre or twayne
Whan soeuer he hath any suche sodeyn payn
¶ What yt meaneth I wote neuer
But he lyketh her physyk so well
That I trow the deuyll of hell
Can not theym two dysseuer
¶ Lo thys haue I done/ and what trow ye more
yet can I tell you better tydyng
¶ Worldly aff. What ys that.
sensua ¶ Mary Reason that ye two spake of byfore
Cam euen to vs as we sat so drynkyng
And gaue our mayster an hete worth an hangyng
Bycause that margery sat on hys kne
Whyle that other hore sat talkyng wyth me
¶ My mayster saw that he could haue no rest
Nor neuer be ryd of thys controllyng
He played the man and thought yt best

and wyth an angry lokie/to my semyng
Drew out hys sword wythout more taryeng
and smote Reason so on the hed
That I haue great maruayll but he be now dede
W.aff. Mary than fyll all the cuppes at ones
If thys be trew
sensua Yes by these.x.bones
I lye neuer a word
Perde Trowyst thou yt ys no fayned stryfe
Yt wyxt them two
sensua No on my lyfe.
for whan they faught I ran bytwene
and cryed kepe pece and leue debate
But ye wold haue laughed had ye sene
How I departed them/and for all that
Sometyme I clapped Reason on the pate
and cryed kepe the pece as fast as I coude
Tyll I was horse I cryed so loude
W.aff. But can our master play the man now
and fare wyth thys gere
sensua Ye make god auow
And be ware ye of one thyng
Medyll ye no more wyth margery
for by cokkys precyouse body
If our mayster may yt espy
Or haue an vnderstandyng
That ye vse her company
I tell you he wyll be angry
He ys so full of ielosy
As euer I knew man
W.aff. Ielosy pece man be styll
He can therof no maner of skyll
sensua No but say what ye wyll
I am sure he can
He ys now as samplyer
Wyth bodely lust as euer ye were
ye and therto as great a swerer
Whan tyme requyres
Knew I neuer of hys age
A man of better corage
To do all maner of outrage
After our desyres
Wyth Reason and he were thus at barpaunce

He hath be full of ſuche daliaunce
And hath called to hys fauour and acquayntaunce
your kynneſmen by and by
Enuy wreth glotony and couetyſe
Slouth and lechery become to hys ſeruyce
And vtterly he hatyth theyre contraryſe
And that he profeſſeth openly

W.aff. ¶ And be theſe folke of hys retynue

ſenſua ¶ Tye euerychon on I tell you trew
But mary there names be chaunged new
For to blere hys eye
I tell you he ys a ſerefull man
For Reaſon ſtyreth hym now and than
And therfore do we what we can
It ys lytell I now hardely
¶ Syr a there ys fyrſt Pryde as ye wot well
The ſwete darlynge of the deuyll of hell
How hys name ys chaunged ye can tell

W.aff. ¶ Tye mary on the beſt wyſe
Wurſhyp I wene ys now hys name

ſenſua ¶ Tye by the rode euen the ſame
And couetyſe to eſchue all blame
Doth hys name dyſgyſe
And calleth hym ſelfe worldly polycy
Wreth bycauſe he ys ſomwhat haſty
Is called manhode. Then ys there enuy
and he ys called dyſdayn
Glotony for good felyſhyp ys taken
and ſlouth hys old name hath forſaken
And as fayre a name hath he ſhapen
as euer man coulde ordayn
He ys called eaſe ryght confortable to the blod
Specyally for them that luſte to do no good
and amonge all other I wold ye vnderſtode
That lechery ys called luſt
Lo theſe be fayre names parde
Both good and honeſt as ſemeth me
as for theyre condycyons what they be
ye knowe well

W.aff. ¶ Very iuſt
I knowe theyre condycyons on the beſt wyſe
yf they kepe ſtyll theyre old gyſe

ſenſua ¶ Yes that they do on warantyſe

W.aff. ¶ But yet I haue great maruayll
that couetyse shuld dwell in hys company
sensua ¶ By my trouth lo/and so haue I
But one thyng I ensure you faythfully
And that I haue espyed well
that hyderto our mayster setteth no store
By hys councell nor hys lore
Mary whan hys hed waxeth hore
than shalbe good season
To folow couetyse and hys way
ye tyme I now a nother day
Enen so I hard our mayster say
W.aff. ¶ By my fayth he sayd but reason
but all the remanent be well retayned
sensua I pe be ye sure yt ys mater vnfayned
And wote ye who ys gretely dysdayned
Wyth our mayster now
Pryde ¶ Who
sensua ¶ By god euen shamfastnes
whan he shall do any suche excesse
No shame can fere hym doubtles
I may say to you
Pryde ¶ No than the craft were nought
but now sys well bethought
Syth the mater ys hereto brought
It ys tyme for me
To go and make some prouysyon
Of garmentys after the new inuencyon
As he commaunded me to be don
therto must I se
for yt ys committed to my neglygence
And yf he come hyder whyle I am hens
I pray the excuse myne absens
sensua ¶ ye and myne also
Pryde ¶ Why wylt thou go wyth me
sensua ¶ Wyll I ye a ye parde
It ys accordyng for Sensualyte
Wyth Pryde for to go
W.aff. ¶ Now ỳ mater ys all most in good case
After the worldys mynde and pleasure
there ys no more/but now must I cũpace
Wyth all my wyt and besy endeuure
how it may be stablysshed & cõtynued sure

For a lytell fantasy of mannys owyn wyll
May quayll thys mater and vtterly yt spyll
And yf he vary agayne
of scryppyll ymagynacyon
Or ellys by the suggestyon
Of the forsayd reason
One thyng I am certayne
He wyll no lengar me support
And that were a shrewd crank dout
Therfore yt ys best that I resort
to my maysters presence
And se of what demeanour he ys
I am gretely to blame I wys
For that I sawe hym not or thys
Syth he departed hens.

¶ ¶ He goeth out and Reason cometh in.

Rea. ¶ O good lord/to whom shall I complayn
And shewe the sorowes of my mynde
and nothyng for myne owyn cause certayn
But onely for the decay of mankynde
Whyche nowe of late ys waxen so blynde
That he hath dyspysed and forsaken me
And folowyth euery mocyon of hys sensualyte
¶ What aduayled at the begynnyng
that Nature comptted me to hys seruyce
and charged me that byfore all thyng
Of all hys gydyng I shuld take thenterpryse
When he lusteth not to folowe myne aduyse
but folowyth thappetyte of hys sensuall affeccyon
As a brute best that lakketh reson
¶ And yet not wythstandyng
that he doth me dysdayn
I wyll resort to hym agayn
And do my labour and busy payn
To assay yf I can hym refrayn
fro suche bestly lyuyng
but fyrst wyll I stande hereby
In secrete maner to espy
Some token of grace in hym wherby
I may dyscerne and fynde
that he hath any shamfastnes
After hys great surfet and excesse
And yf yt be so doubtles

It shall content my mynde

Man cometh in.

I say syrs where ys Worshyp can ye tell
In thys place I left hym last

W.aff. Syr I Warand you he ys occupyed well
In ordeynyng your garmentys full fast
He departed fro me in great hast
for that intent/and so he desyred
That I wold tell you whan nede required
He shewed me hys mynde or he went
How he had deuysed your garment
And yf yt be made after that intent
as he told me
Whan ye were on that vestour
Euery man shall do your honour
as becummeth a man of your haupour
And so yt shuld be

Man. Tye but what wyll Reason say
Whan he seeth me in that aray

W.aff. Reason. Mary let hym go play
To the deuyll of hell
he promysed me at the begynnyng
That ye wold no more be vnder hys gydyng

Man. No but yet yt were accordyng
To haue therin hys counsell
Man wythout reson ys but blynde
And yf I shuld speke after my mynde
I can well a dyfference fynde
Wyt wyxt man and a beste
Whan he hath Reason in presence
and duely obeyeth hys law and sentence

W.aff. Why haue ye suche a spyced conscyence
Now wythin your brest
that chaungeth your mynde so sodenly
I am sory and ashamed truely
On your behalf

Man. No force hardely
Thou ledest me all wrong
and therfore wyll I no more folow the

W.aff. Not worldly affeccyon.

Man. Pardе
Nor yet thy brother Sensualyte
I haue folowed you to long

W.aff. ¶Is that your mynde
Man. ¶Ye doubtles
And now wyll I seke shame fastnes
By whom I trust I shall redresse
All my mys ded̄
W.aff. ¶And syth thou wylt nedys to shame bowe
I pray god̄ send the shame I now
and̄ yet I trust make god̄ auow
Ones thou shalt haue nede
To call me agayn to thy seruyce
Man. ¶Nay nay on warantyse
Now syrs who can me adupse
What ys best to do
¶Shamfastnes.
¶Syr yf ye lust to haue myne acquayntaunce
I am redy to geue you attendaunce
Happely my seruyce shall you aduaunce
I am called shamfastnes
Man. ¶By your trouth are ye the same
sham. ¶Ye forsoth that ys my name
Almys ded̄ys I can attame
And help for to represse
When ye haue done offence or syn
yf ye wyll mercy and grace wyn
Wyth shamefastnes ye must bygyn
Thys way must ye take
Man. ¶Ye be the man wythout faynyng
That I wysshed for/or ye cam here
and̄ glad am I now of your comyng
Prayng you wyth hart entere
When I haue nede thus to com nere
sham. ¶So wyll I do ye may trust yt verely
When soeuer ye call ye shall fynde me redy
¶He goeth out
Rea. ¶Syr ys yt your mynde to do as ye say
Man. ¶Ye that ys yt as god̄ me spede
Hard ye all thys mater ye or nay
Rea. ¶Yes that I dyd in very ded
Man. ¶O goostly reson I haue greter nede
Of your help than euer I had byfore
Help me now & I shall neuer forsake you more
Syth I forsoke your cumpany
I haue commytted myche foly

I am ashamed certaynly
Whan I thynke theron
But now haue I refused vtterly
All suche maner of cumpany
and thys haue I done veryly
Of myne owyn mocyon

Rea. ¶ Than my help shalbe redy as oft as ye me call
It ys my duety so for to do
And of your offencys wyll I make no rehersall
But what soeuer ye haue done hyderto
To me ward let yt passe and go
Agaynst god your offence ys great
Of the whych mater I wyll not longe treat
¶ But thys confort of me ye shall haue
yf ye be contryte as ye pretend
God ys mercyable yf ye lust to craue
Call for grace and sone he wyll yt send
And be not in purpose hereafter to offend
accustom your selfe in the wayes of vertue
And be not in doubt grace wyll ensue

Man. ¶ Hyr yt ys my mynde and intent
Hereafter to be your true obedyent
and neuer more to assent
To suche foly agayn

Rea. ¶ And vpon that condycyon
I take the vnto my tuycyon
Wyth all hartys affeccyon
Neuer to part at wayn
And for thys seson
Here we make an end
Lest we shuld offend
Thys audyence/as god defend
It were not tobe don
ye shall vnderstand neuer the lesse
That there ys mych more of thys processe
Wherein we shall do our besynes
and our true endeuure
To shew yt vnto you after our guyse
Whan my lord shall so deuyse
It shalbe at hys pleasure

¶ Thus endeth the
fyrst parte.

¶ The seconde parte.
Reason and Man come in.

¶ I assemble the lyfe of mortall creature
To the assyege agayn a strong town or castell
In whyche there ys myche besy endeuure
Myche warly polycy with dylygent trauayll
On euery syde whyche parte shall preuayll
By sleyght of ingyns or by strong power
that other to subdue and bryng into daunger
¶ In suche case and maner of condycyon
Is wreched man here in thys lyfe erthly
Whyle he abydeth within the garyson
Of the frayll carcas and carynouse body
Whom to impugn laboreth incessantly
the World/the flesshe/the enemy/these thre
Hym to subdue and bryng into captyuyte
¶ And for to shew you what wyse they vse impugn
Fyrst doth the World geue vs an allectyse
to couet ryches and worldly renown
With other vanytes that be vsed in thys lyfe
Next that our flesshe whyche euer ys in stryfe
agayn our spyryte/doth prouoke and exyte
Vs to accomplysshe our sensuall appetyte
¶ The last of all ys our great enemy
Whyche euer hath vs in contynuall hatered
Of old enhanbred malyce and enuy
that he oweth to vs and all the kynred
Of all the aunceters of whom we do succede
Nor yet cesseth hys malyce vnto thys day
Vs to endaunger in all that he can or may
¶ And certes these our sayd enemyes
Be of theyre nature so myghty and so strong
That hard yt wyll be for vs in any wyse
Agayn them warre or batayll to vnderfong
also our garisons and fortresse to mayntayn long
Agayn theyre ingens without spyrytuall grace
We can not performe in no maner case
¶ Wherfore yt ys to vs ryght behouable
Besyly to pray to god that ys immortall
Besechyng hym as he ys mercyable
To haue compassyon and pyty on vs all
And not to suffer vs any wyse to fall
Into suche foly and vtter myschaunce

As ſhuld theym greue and do dyſpleſaunce
¶Alſo yt behoueth on our parte
To fle all ſuche maner of occaſyon
as may vs put in fere and Jeoparde
Of theyre dyſpleaſure in any condycyon
Newe fanglenes and other nyce inuencyon
We muſt forſake in all maner wyſe
And acquaynt vs wyth theyre contrarye
Quia contraria contrariis curantur. ꝛc.
J tell thys take ſyr to you
Truſtyng that yt be not done in waſt
ye remember as J ſuppoſe well J now
How yt ys not fully .iii. dayes paſt
Syth ye me promyſed and bound yt faſt
from that day forth to be obedyent
Vnto my counſell and aduyſement
Man. ¶Ye ſyr ſo J dyd in very ded
And yet yt ys my mynde and intent
To folow the ſame haue ye no drede
Rea. ¶yf ye do nat your ſelfe ſhall repent
Now fare ye well for J muſt be abſent
As for a ſeaſon/and for your confort
Whan ſo euer ye call me J ſhall to you reſort
¶Then he goeth out & Henſua.cometh in.
Henſua ¶God forbed that euer he com agayn
Jeſu how may ye thys lyfe endure
Me ſemeth yt ſhuld be to you a great payn
Syth ye be of good complexyon and nature
To forbere the worldly ſport and pleaſure
As ye haue done now a great ſeſon
and all by the folyſhe counſell of reſon
¶Where ys your luſty hart bycom
That ſerued you ſo well thys other day
Now ſo helpe me god and halydom
J haue great maruell how ye may
Lyue in ſuche myſery/and thys dare J ſay
Wythout ye take ſome other wayes
By my trouth yt wyll ſhorten your dayes
¶And though J ſay yt that were ypte
for by cryſte and ye were gone
Meny a good felow wold make great mone
¶Then he weppyth
Man. ¶Why wepe ye ſo

sensua ¶ Let me alone
It wyll none other wyse be
and ye saw the sorowfull countenaunce
Of my cumpany your old̄ acquayntaunce
that they make
for your sake
I dare say ye wold mone them in your mynde
They be so louyng and so kynde
That I am sure
yf ye endure
In thys peuysshe opynyon
It wyll be theyre confessyon
There ys none other remedy
But for sorow they shall dye
Man. ¶ May god forbed they shuld so do
sensua ¶ In sayth wythout ye help therto
There ys none other way
Man. ¶ I wyll help yt in all that I may
And I wyst by what mene
sensua ¶ Mary call them to your cumpany
Man. ¶ By saynt Iha̅n I am content
for I may say here to the
Syth I forsoke my lyberte
And dyd to Reson assent
I had neuer mery day
But lyued vnder awe and drede alway
Nothyng to myne intent
Another whyle I wyll me dysport
and to myne old̄ cumpany resort
sensua ¶ O than shall ye them confort
and your selfe also
Wote ye who wyll be very glad
Man. ¶ Who
sensua ¶ Margery
Man. ¶ Why was she sad
sensua ¶ Ye by the masse she was stark mad
Euen for very wo
When she hard tell of thys chaunce
And bycause she wold̄ lyue in penaunce
Her sorow for to quenche
She hath entred into a relygyouse place
At the grene freres hereby
Man. ¶ Ye hase.

A lan good ipteu wenche
Is pt an house of ſtrayt relygyon
ſenſua Tye as any that euer was bygon
Syth the world ſtode
Man. Be they cloſe nonnes as other be
ſenſua Cloſe y a nay nay parde
That gyſe were not good
ye muſt beware of that gere
Nay all ys open that they do there
As open as a goſe eye
Man. And cometh any man into theyre ſellys
ſenſua Tye ye god forbede ellys
It ys fre for euery body
And byſyde all thys they be
Ex omni gente cognite
No nacyon they forſake
Wythout pt be beggars goyng by the way
That haue neuer a peny to pay
for that that they do take
And yet can I beggars thyder lede
Where they ſhalbe for lumpes of brede
Hatyſſye theyre deſyre
Suche drabbes ſome there be
That requyre none other fe
Nor yet any other hyre
Man. Be they not wedded as other folke be
ſenſua Wedded quod a no ſo mot I the
They wyll not tary therfore
they can wed theym ſelfe alone
Com kys me I thãk gramercy Ione
Thys wed they euer more
And pt ys the more to comend
for yf the woman hap to offend
as pt ys theyre gyſe
a man may let her alone wyth ſorow
and wed a nother hore on the morow
Euen of the ſame wyſe
Man. Forſoth thys ys a noble relygyon
It ſtyreth me to great deuocyon
for to ſe that place
Canſt thou bryng me thyder well I now
ſenſua Tye and pt were myd nyght I make god auow
As dark as euer pt was

Man. ¶But where ys bodely luſt now
Bodyly. ¶They cometh in bodyly luſt wyth hym w. aſſ.
¶Mary ſyr I haue ſytten and ſought you
Man. Thys thre or .iiii. howrys
¶I make god auow
ye gyue ſhrewd attendaunce
Bodyly All thys .ii. dayes I coulde not the eſpy
¶Syr ye know well that ye and I
Be neuer myche a ſonder
Man. albe yt I be from you among
¶And now me ſemeth thou haſt tarved to long
Bodyly Whyche ys to me great wonder
¶Wonder ye parde for any howr or twayn
forth for a paſſyng whyle and com agayn
Here ys a ſore mater
Whan was I ſo long abſent as now
and yet I was for to ſeke you
at the tother ſyde of the water
The place that ye wot of parde
Man. Underſtande ye what ye mene
Bodyly Eye ye
Man. ¶Tell me in myne ere
Bodyly ¶Quid eſt latinum propter le ſtewys
¶What latyn now thys of the newys
I herd neuer thys ere
Man. I trow ye begyn to waxe ſhamfaſt
¶Nay nay hardely that gere ys paſt
Many dayes a goy
Bodyly I am as wanton as euer I was
¶It were almes to hang you elys by the maſſe
By the hard necke bon
But wyll ye now go wyth me to a place
and I ſhall ſhew you the ſmorterſt place
Man. That euer ye ſaw wyth eyes
Bodyly ¶What thyng ys yt yong or old
¶What euer yt be yt ys able to be ſold
Man. It ſhall lyke you on the beſt wyſe
¶For my loue let vs ſome nyght be there
at a banket or a rere ſupper
and get vs ſome wanton mete
So we may haue ſome dernty thyng
yet wold I ſpende .xx. ſhyllyng
Where ſo euer I yt get

Bodyly ¶ May nay wyll ye ſpende a copell of crownes
and there ſhall no gentylman in thys.x.townes
Be better ſerued than ye
Nor be receyued more honeſtly
As to an houſe of bawdry
For a banket or a ionkry
For a dyſhe.ii.or thre
Man. ¶ Yes that wyll I ſpend wyth all myne hart
Bodyly ¶ By your leue I wyll depart
To make redy thys gere
Man. ¶ What now in all thys haſt
Bodyly ¶ Tye for god ſyr I am a gaſt
that other knaues wyll come theder
byfore vs and take vp all
Man. ¶ Se there to I pray the
Bodyly ¶ So I ſhall
Elles fye on all to gether
¶ Then goeth he out.
W.aff. ¶ Now wyll margery make great mone
bycauſe ye com not. ¶ Man.ye let her alone
I am not her bond man parde
She hath dyſappoynted me or now
W.aff. ¶ Yet on my fayth ſyr and I were as you
at the leſte I wold excuſe me
Send her word that ye in no wyſe
May thys nyght kepe her promyſe
And yf ye do not ſo
She wyll ſo mon that as I thynk
Of all thys nyght ſhe wyll ſlepe no wynk
She ſhalbe ſo full of wo
Man. ¶ Tye on my parell take no care
Thys anſwere wyll I deffar and ſpare
tyll I be certayn
What anſwere bodyly luſt ſhall bryng
Of thys other praty new thyng
When he cometh agayne
W.aff. ¶ Wyll yt pleaſe you that I go to margery
In your ſtede
Man. ¶ Mary that were mery
Woldyſt thou ſerue me ſo
W.aff. ¶ Why ſyr by my trouth I mene but well
Man. ¶ Tye what thou menyſt I can not tell
But that ſhall thou not do

W.aff. ¶ In good fayth ſyr ye may do wurs
for whyle I haue any thyng in my purs
Or any peny to ſpend
I wyll make her euen ſuche chere
As I wold myne owȝ wyfe yf ſhe were here
Elles god defend
Man. ¶ Tye I thanke the for thy good wyll
But as for that here kepe yt ſtyll
Tyll I call theron
W.aff. ¶ By god ſyr for good loue I ſpake yt
And now that I ſe ye wyll not take yt
I ſhall let yt alone
Man. ¶ How now haſt thou bene yender awap
Bodyly Tye ſyr. ¶ Man. Et que nouelles
Bodyly ¶ Je neſcey
I could not ſpeke wyth her
No wyth none of her folkys
Man. ¶ Not wyth one
Bodyly ¶ No they be a ſlepe euerychone
All that euer dwell there
Man. ¶ How knoweſt thou wether they be a ſlepe or ne
Bodyly ¶ Mary ſhe her ſelfe told me ſo
whan I rapped at the dore
Man. ¶ It ſemeth ſhe was not a ſlepe than
Bodyly ¶ No ſhe was a bed wyth a ſtrange man
Man. ¶ A myſchefe on her hore
I wold this fyre were in her tayll I make god auow
Bodyly ¶ That nedeth not ſhe ys hote I now
It were more almes to get
Some cold water her fyre to quenche
I telle you yt ys as warm a wenche
As any in all thys ſtrete
I ſuppoſed I had angred her yll
Man. ¶ How ſo
Bodyly ¶ For I rang her a knyll
That waked her from her ſlepe
I gaue her a pele for her frendys ſoulys
a man myght haue hard the noys from poulys
To the farthеſt ende of chepe
She ſaw that I wold not ſeace but knok
And rap ſtyll at the gate
She opened a wyndow and put forth her hed
Dens. pl. 6. ȝ ſhe. Jah noble ys a bed

Thys nyght ye come to late
A ha standeth the wynd so cold quod I
K.q.tytle we haue a bry
Thys gere goeth all wyde
And so I cam thens a great pace
tyll I cam hyder/lo thys ys the case
Haue I not well hyde

Man. Well man there ys no more to do
that we can not haue we must forgo
there ys none other remedy
Lo worldly affeccyon now mayst thou se
Thy counsell was nought that thou gaueste me

W.aff. No more yt was truely

Man. Ye I told the asmyche byfore
It ys good to be sure euer more
therfore now let vs go
And resorte agayn to our old hostes
that ys the best way now as I gesse

W.aff. Ye hardely do so

Then they thre go out & Pryde cometh in.

Pryde Syrs remember ye that thys other day
Man promysed me euen in thys stede
that I shuld wyth hym dwell and now I here say
The wylde worm ys com into hys hed
So that by reason only he ys led
It may well be so/but I am sure
that Reason shall not alway wyth hym endure
Me thynketh that Sensua.doth not hys parte
accordyng to the duety of hys offyce
for no body can better torn a mannys hart
Nor yet a redyer mean deuyse
to put away suche folyshe fantasyse
than Sensualyte yf he lust to assay
for he ys chyef ruler whan Reason ys away

sensua Ye/a ruler wyll I be though Reason say nay

Pryde Ah Sensualyte welcom by thys day
what tydyngys good

sensua Ye by my fay
as good as can be told
I haue brought thys man to hys old gyse

Pryde Hast thou so

sensua Ye on warantyse

Pryde Now forsoth I gyue the pryk and pryse

Thou art worthy the wrythe of gold
Of thys tydynges I am glad and fayn
But shall I be welcom to hym agayn
and all our cumpany

sensua Ye hardely
as welcom as euer ye ware byfore

Pryde God dys blessyng haue thyn hart therfore
thus am I in thy det more and more

sensua Japes why say ye so

Pryde For I spekе yt after my mynde
thou art to me al way so kynde
But where shall I our mayster fynde
to hym wyll I go

sensua Me ys besy harke in your ere
wyth lytell margery ye wote where
And as sone as I had brought hym there
I cam my way a pace
and bycause he shuld not be alone
I left wyth hym worldly affeccyon
and other erand had I none
Now to thys place
but euen to shew you what ys done
and from hens I must anone
for to seke an other companyon
to gyue attendaunce

Pryde Who ys that

sensua Mary glotony
Our mayster calleth for hym besyly
Sawyst thou hym not

Pryde No certaynly
To my remembraunce

sensua I must go seke hym wythout any taryeng
But Pryde I warn you of one thyng
Whyle I thynk theron
Whan my mayster and ye shall mete
In any wyse se that ye hym grete
In the old fassyon
And make as though ye knew nothyng
Of hys dyuers and varyable dealyng
Kepe that in your brest
ye can not do hym more dysplesure
Than therof to make reporture
Therfore let yt rest

To speke therof yt is hygh treson
Then he goeth out.

Pryde I am glad ye warn me thus in seson
I shalbe the better ware
By thys warnyng I shalbe wyse
And do as ye me aduertyse
take therof no care

Slouth.

Wyll ye be wyse quod a/mary that is a thyng
By god ye had nede to haue better warnyng
Or ye bryng that about

Pryde What brother Slouth fro whens comyst thou

slouth. Streyght fro my bed I make god auow
Myne eyes be almost out
for lak of slepe/but thys yr to you
Me thought ye called me slouth ryght now
Pece no more of that
I haue a new name as well as ye

Pryde What is that/ease

slouth. Ye parde
But yt forceth not
Whyle our mayster is not present
Betwene vstwayn I am content
Call me what ye wyll
But where is our mayster

Pryde Wotest thou nere

slouth. No

Pryde No more do I

slouth. There there there
Thou shalt dwell with me styll
Thou art as good a wayter as I

Pryde I shrew the better of vs both hardely
But surely we do not well
We shall not contynue with yonder may
but we awayte better now and than
Therfore by my counsell
Let vstwayn go together
To seeke our mayster

slouth. But wotyst thou whether
we shall now go
To fynde our mayster

Pryde I shall assay
Thou shalt se me gesse the way

And happely fynde hym to
Now muſt I to the ſtewes as faſt as I may
to feche thys gentylman but ſyrs I ſay
Can any man here tell me the way
for I cam neuer there
ye know the way parde of old
I pray the tell me whyche way ſhall I hold
Wyll ye ſe thys horſon cocold
I trow he can not here
Now yt were almes to clap the on the crown
¶ Then cometh in may and worldly aff.

May. ¶Why be there any cocoldys in town
Pryde Ye I durſt hold theron my gown
that there be a ſcore
but for god I cry you mercy
for by my fayth I wyſt you not ſo ny
Had I wyſt yt I enſure you faythfully
that word I wold haue forbore

May. ¶No force hardely yt toucheth not me
But worſhyp tell me where haue ye be
Me thynketh long ſyth I you ſe

Pryde ¶Syr yt ys no maruell
Bad ye not me the laſt day
To go puruey for your aray
And ye remember well

May. Ye for god haue ye done the ſame
Pryde Ye by the rode ellys were I to blame
All thyng ys redy in payn of ſhame
Ellys I quyte me yll
The tayler told me yeſter nyght
that all your garmentys were redy dyght
Wyll ye go thyder and haue a ſyght

May. Ye marry wyth a good wyll
ſlouth. ¶Wyll ye that I go wyth you alſo
May. ¶I wote neuer whether ye may attend therto
for ye do nothyng
But euen after your own ſwete wyll

ſlouth. ¶Why ſhuld I euer wayt nay that I nyll
for to be a kyng
I may not endure contynuall beſynes
I was neuer vſed therto doubtles
I ſhuld not lyue a yere
yf I folowed you I am ſure

ye ſtyr and labour out of meſure
I ſaw neuer your pere
ye wene there can nothyng be do
But yf ye put your hand therto
and I wys that ys no nede
ye haue ſeruauntys that be true and iuſt
yf yt wold lyke you to put theym in truſt
And quyte well ther re mede
What ſhuld I attend you for to pleaſe
whan I ſe well ye ſet by none eaſe
whyche belongeth to me

Man. Why eaſe what meaneth the thus to ſay
I do but ete drynk ſlepe and play
And none other labour parde

ſlouth. Ye/ye may ſay what ye wyll
But I can neuer ſe you ydell
And quyete as ye ſhuld be
your body laboreth as doth an hakney
That bareth the burdon euery day
That pytye yt ys to ſe
And your mynde on that other ſyde
Is neuer Idell nor vnoccupyed
I wys yt greueth me
To ſe you demeaned that wyſe
I trow ye be ſet all on couetyſe

Man. Couetyſe/nay let be
It ys a thyng of greter cure
That ſtycketh in my mynde be thou ſure

ſlouth. So me thought by the rode
I wyſt as mych there was ſom thyng
By your lokyng chere and your ſyghyng
That was not all thyng good
But what ys the mater I pray you hartely

Man. I wys thou canſt not deuyſe the remedy
wyth all the wyt thou haſt
But thys ys the caſe to tell yt ſhortely
A thyng was told me as I cam hereby
How Reaſon puruayth faſt
And maketh very great labour and ordynaunce
To daſhe vs all out of countenaunce
And for that purpoſe
He hath gadred a great cumpany

ſlouth. What to do

Man. ¶I wote nere I
But as I suppose
It ys to bryng me in captyuyte
And to take fro me my lyberte
So he hath oft sayd
Pryde ¶Fere ye that mater
Man. ¶Nay neuer a dell
but I care for yt wyt ye well
yet am I not afrayd
For I wyll wythstand yt proudly
and syrs I trust ye wyll stand therby
whan yt shalbe nede
Pryde ¶Ye by the way that god went
Or he haue of you hys intent
fyrst shall I blede
The best blode that ys in thys carcas
Man. ¶Well ease go thy way hens a pace
and make therin good spede
Call my cumpany all togeder
and byd theym euery man com heder
That ys wyth me affeed
slouth. ¶Mary syr that shalbe do
¶Then he goeth out.
Man. ¶Wurshyp in the mean tyme let vs go
To se my new apparell
Pryde ¶Wyll ye so. Now for your ladyes sake
Go do yt on you and I vndertake
It shall becom you well
Man. ¶Worldly affeccyon abyde thou here
For I wyll go do on thys new gere
as wurshyp doth me counsell
¶Then Man and Pryde goeth out.
W.aff. ¶Mary I shall wyth all myne hart
thys good fyre and I wyll not depart
for very cold myne handys do smart
It maketh me wo bygon
Set me a stole here may ye not se
Or elles a chayr wyll yt not be
thou pyld knaue I speke to the
How long shall I stande
¶Glotony.
¶Let hym stand wyth a foule euyll

Wyll ye se lo/euery dreuyll
Now adayes J Warand
Must commaund as he were a kyng
Let hym stande on hys fete Wyth bredyng
W.aff. What Glotony/J can tell the one thyng
In fayth you Wyll be shent
gloto. Why
W.aff. My mayster hath sent Sensualyte
To seke the all about the contre
Spakest thou not Wyth hym
gloto. Yes parde
J know all hys intent
And thereuppon J am com here
for to awayt/but Wotest thou Where
Our mayster ys now
W.aff. May J Wote nere
J am not very certayn
But Pryde and he together begon
He sayd he Wold com agayn anon
Wythin an how2 or tWayn
Tary thou here and go not away
J Wyll go breke my fast and J may
for J ete neuer a mor sell thys day
Then he goeth out.
gloto. Mary that ys a thyng
Go Whan thou Wylt J Wyll abyde
My stomak he shall not rule or gyde
That ys now fastyng
May of all thynge erthly J hate to fast
four tymes a day J make repast
Or thryse as J suppose
And Whan J am Well fed
Than get J me to a soft bed
my body to repose
There take J a nap or tWayn
Up J go streyght and to yt agayn
Though nature be not redy
yet haue J some mete of delyte
for to prouoke thappetyte
And make the stomak gredy
After all thys nedys J must
Somtyme folow the Wanton lust

for hote drynkys and delycate refeccyon
Causeth flesshely insurreccyon
ye know yt as well as I

Man. ¶ Trouth as ye say I know yt well

gloto. ¶ What gentylman ys thys can ye tell

bodyly ¶ Wotyst thou neuer

gloto. ¶ No by the bell
I saw hym neuer byfore

bodyly ¶ Is yt our mayster

gloto. ¶ Nay by the rood
It ys not he woldyst thou make me wood

Man. ¶ yes I am the same

gloto. ¶ I cry you mercy I se yt well now
Byfore I knew you not I make god auow
In ernest not in game

Man. ¶ Why. Bycause I haue chaunged myne aray

gloto. ¶ for that cause trow ye nay nay
That ys not the thyng
That can dyscepue me be ye sure
but I pray you who hath had you in cure
Syth my last departyng

Man. ¶ By my fayth a lytell seasyn
I folowed the counsell and dyet of reason

gloto. ¶ There went the hare away
Hys dyet ȳ a/yt may be verily
for ye be haltred maruelously
Altred I wold say
alas the whyle had ye no mete
As long as ye were vnder hys dyet

Man. ¶ Mete/yes I had som
Wythout yt were on fastyng dayes
Than he wythdrew my supper alwayes
and gaue me neuer a crom

gloto. ¶ No force hardely why wold ye than
fauor hym as ye dō lyke a mad man
ye loke now as yt were a gost
Had ye dwelt wyth hym tyll thys day
ye had bene pyned euen away
as ye be now almost
your flesshe ys gon euery dell
A vengeaunce on the morsell
That ys left theron

bodyly ¶ Now talk of the remedy

gloto. ¶Mary now must he ete and drynke fast
Other remedy ys there none
Bodyly ¶Eye but where ys the mete now let vs se
gloto. ¶Eye are passyng hasty benedicite
fyrst must ye go
Where as prouysyon therof ys made
Let vs go thyder and yt shalbe had
Man. ¶But what ys the maysters of the in
A wedded woman or a virgyn
gloto. ¶Neyther of both I wys
Bodyly ¶No/but for a mayden she goth
gloto. ¶Eye forgod that she doth
But yet she ys none by Iys
Bodyly ¶No/no/what than
gloto. ¶I wys I not/but as men clater
They say she ys innupta mater
Hardely an holy woman
Man. ¶Welk thyder we wyll/go we hens
Bodyly ¶Syr ye wyll gyue me lycence
To sport me for a season
Man. ¶Eyes for a whyle ye wel I now
but go not out of the way I charge you
for hyder wyll come anone
All my cumpany as I suppose
Kepe theym together for I purpose
to come agayn anone
and shew theym my mynde what I wyll do
¶Then he goeth out
Bodyly ¶Mary I shall do what I can thereto
and yet yt ys hard for me
to kepe theym together any whyle
But I shall tell you what
I had leuer kepe as many flese
Or wyld hares in any oppyn lese
as vndertake that
¶Wrath.
¶Where be these knaues that make thys aray
Bodyly ¶Mary they be gon that other way
tell me whome ye meane
Wrath. ¶I trow thou scornyst
Bodyly ¶Nay certaynly
Now so be yt yf I shuld not ly
at the fyrst blushe I ensure you faythfully

I had forgot you clene
Wycause ye be thus defensybly arayd
What meaneth that are ye affrayd
Who hath you greued

Wrath. May I fere no man that bereth an hed
yet had I leuer that I were dede
than that shuld be preued

Bodyly Wy my fayth ye are wont to be as bold
as yt were a lyon of cottys wold
but now to my questyon
What meaneth all thys defensyble aray

Wrath. Mary slouth warned vs two thys same day
Euen syth yt was none
that our mayster and Reason shuld make a fray
and therfore he had vs wythout delay
to awayt on our cappytayn

Bodyly A now I know the mater ryght well
But what shall com therof I can not tell
It passeth my brayn
Our mayster wylled that we twayn
Shuld tary here tyll he com agayn

Envy. What wylt thou do than

Bodyly Who I may care not for me
I wyll not com where strokys be
I am not so mad a man
And I wys yt ys not for any fere
But yt ys a thyng that I can well forbere
And wyll as long as I can
Of lust and pleasure ys all my mynde
It longeth to me of properte and kynde
And yf I shuld to the warre
And ly in myne harnes as other men do
Wyth hunger and thurst a day or two
It shuld me vtterly marre

Envy. It were a great losse yf thou were mard
Now fy on the stark horson coward
Wy cokkys precyouse blode
It were no syn to sle suche a knaue
Hast not thou wagys as other men haue
And few of vs so good
yet wylt thou fayll vs at thys nede
Now who so euer shall quyte my mede
I wyll no further go

tyll I haue ſlayn hym myne owȝ hand
Though I ſhuld forſwere the land
Euen whan I haue do
¶ Then goeth out bodyly luſt
Hold hym in ſpȝs I pou requyre
alas wold ye not at my deſyre
Do ſo myche for me
I wyſe yt wold haue done me more good
to haue ſene the knaues hart blode
than.xx.ſhyllyngys of fee
Man. ¶ What how ſyrs what meaneth thys gere
wyll ye ſle eche other here
No more of thys worke
enuy. ¶ Wy the hart of god and he had abyden
A lytell whyle he ſhuld neuer haue ſpoken
wyth preſte nor wyth clarke
Man. ¶ Who was that
enuy. ¶ Your owȝ mynyon
Bodyly luſt
Man. ¶ Why what hath he done
enuy. ¶ Euen lyke a lurdeyn
He ſayth that ye haue gyuen hym lycence
to abyde at home and kepe reſydence
Whyle we bere the burden
And ſerue pou nowȝ at pour nede
Man. ¶ He prayde me ſo in very dede
Wythin theſe.ii.dayes
He ſayd he wold ſerue me wyth a good wyll
But of the warrys he could no ſkyll
Nor knewȝ therof the wayes
Howȝ be yt I gaue hym therof none anſwere
enuy. ¶ No but I am ſure he wyll not com there
And now ma· ye ſe
That no man ys ſo myche to blame
As pour ſelfe
Man. ¶ I
enuy. ¶ Ye by ſaynt Jame
No man but euen ye
For I am well aſſured of one thyng
ye gaue hym better clothyng
Than ye dyd me
And better wagys and fees alſo
And though I ſayd but lytell thereto

But ſuffered euer more
yet I dyſdayned it euer in my mynde
And though that ye were to me vnkynde
To ſet ſo great ſtore
By ſuche a knaue as he was
I wold I had hym here by the maſſe
And no man but we twayn

Man. Why my trouth thys is euer thy guyſe
Loke by whom I ſet any pryſe
Hym thou wylt moſt dyſdayn

Wrath. Why cryſt he can do none other wyſe
But now ſyr is there any ſeruyce
That ye wyll commaunde me

Man. Ye mary is there/but my cumpany
Dreſſeth theym forward paſſyng ſlowly
I trow it wyll not be
Manhode thou art good I now for one

Wrath. Ye by cryſt and they can euery chone
I wyll not gretly fere

enuy. Why my trouth bycauſe he ſayth ſo
I ſhall tell you what I ſaw hym do
I was preſent there
Hyr it happyned in weſtmynſter hall
Euen byfore the Juges all
Hys handys were bound faſt
And neuer vpon hym that euer god made
Dager ſword nor knyfe he had
And yet at the laſt
He draue .xii. men into a corner
and an hower after durſt they not appere
How ſay ye hereto
and hys handys had bene at lyberte
He wold haue put theym in great Jeopardé
It is to ſuppoſe ſo

Man. Mary there he quyte hym well
but where be myne other folke can ye tell

Thē cometh i Gloton with a cheſe & a botell.

Wrath. Mary here cometh one
Good felyſhyp me ſemeth it ſhuld be

gloto. Hyrs god ſpede you

Man. What tydyngys with the

gloto. I ſhall tell you anone

Mary ſyr I am com here
for to attende vppon you
we ſhall a warfare yt ys told me
Man. Lye where ys thy harnes
gloto. Mary here may ye ſe
Here ys harnes I now.
Wrath. Why haſt thou none other harnes but thys
gloto. What the deuyll harnes ſhuld I mys
Wythout yt be a botell
A nother botell I wyll go puruey
Leſt that drynk be ſcarce in the way
Or happely none to ſell
Wrath. Thou muſt haue other harnes than thys man
gloto. Other harnes nay I ſhrew me than
I can no ſkyll theron
Why troweſt thou that I wyll fyght
enuy. Lye ſo I trow
gloto. Nay by god almyght
Therof wyll I none
I was neuer wont to that gere
Wut I may ſerue to be a vyteler
And therof ſhall ye haue ſtore
So that I may ſtand out of daunger
Of gon ſhot/but I wyll com no nere
I warn you that byfore
enuy. Now ſuche a knaue I betake to the deuyll
Thys ys euen ſuche a nother dreuyll
As was here whyle ere
They be .ii. knaues annoynted
I fere me ſyr ye ſhalbe dyſappoynted
I lyke not thys gere
gloto. O I had forgoten I make god auow
Syr my felow eaſe commaundeth me to you
Man. Commaundeth the to me
gloto. Lyou to me
Man. Me to the
gloto. Commaundeth you to hym I wold haue ſayd
Man. Why cometh he not hyder
gloto. By god for he ys afrayd
And lyeth ſyk in hys bed
De toke ſuch a conſeyt whan he hard of thys gere
That forthought and very fere

Wrath. ¶And he were hanged yt were no reke
I pray god the deuyll breke hys neke
and all suche as he ys
Man. ¶Well let vs suffer for a whyle
I wyll go walke hens halfe a myle
and for all thys
Happely all thys gere shall not nede
How be yt that I dout and drede
The wurst as wyse men do
Manhode com thy selfe wyth me
gloto. ¶And I to syr
Man. Tye parde
wold yst thou be prayd thereto
¶Than goeth out Man Glotony/& Wrath.
enuy. ¶Now he that wold haue warre or stryfe
I pray god send hym a shrewd wyfe
and than shall he haue I now
But I shall telle you syrs as for me
I am none of theym so mot I the
I may say to you
I wyll no suche rehennynges abyde
Goddys body here cometh Pryde
as crank as a pecok
As sone as he and I mete
Wythout he stand ryght vppon hys fete
He shall bere me a proude mok
Pryde ¶What tydynges syrs can any man telle
enuy. Tye mary that can I do as welle
as any that was in feld
ye haue tarved so long about your gay gere
That the feld ys done or ye come there
Pryde ¶Done mary god sheld
enuy. ¶It ys done wythout fayll
But whyche of theym hath wone the batayll
I can not telle you certayn
Pryde ¶Thou were not there yt semeth therby
enuy. ¶Not I there ye ayes hardely/& that to my grete
but as sone as ỳ batellys ioyned togeder (payn
I cam my way streyght heder/for to telle tydyngs
Pryde ¶What the deuyll tydynges canst thou telle
enuy. ¶Mary I can shew you nothyng of the batelle
but of many other tydynges
ye are out of concepte I telle you forever

Wyrde
enuy.
Wyrde
Wyrde
enuy.
Wyrde
sensua
Because ye byd not you endeuoure
At thys great vyage
In so mychc that ye are lyke to lees
Both your offyce and all your fees
And put clene out of wagys
¶ That ys not true as I suppose
¶ Syr and yt be not take my nose
And my hed also
your offyce was gyuen or I cam thens
¶ Mary that was a very short sentence
and I not called therto
Now enuy what counsell wylt thou gyue me
¶ By my trouth Wyrde thou mayst byleue me
If I were in thy case
I wold withdraw me for a season
though yt be nother felony nor treason
Nor yet wylfull trespace
yet the same ys wurst of all
for euery knaue wyll the call
a coward to thy face
¶ I am vnhappy I se yt well
for the expense of myne apparell
towardys this vyage
what in horses and other aray
Hath compelled me for to lay
all my land to morgage
and now whan I haue all do
To lesse myne offyce and fees also
for my true intent
I may say that all my cost
and all my tyme ys euyll lost
In seruyce that I haue spent
Well what so euer by tyde me
for a season I wyll hyde me
after thy counsell
and syth yt wyll no better be
Fare well I take my leue of the
¶ Now gentyll Wyrde fare well
Alas that I had no good felow here
to bere me cumpany and laugh at thys gere
thys game was well founde
¶ Yes and ye lust to play the knaue
Some maner of cumpany ye myght haue

Dere wythin thys grounde

enuy. ¶Some I can thynke yong or old
And elles yt were a small household
as any myght be found

sensua ¶It ys not small the company sheweth well
But me thought thou were about to tell
Of some mery Jeste
Or som mery game at my cummyng

enuy. ¶Ye hardely yt ys a game for a kyng
When he lusteth best
To laugh for hys dysporte and solace
Syr I shall tell the thys ys the case
Ryght now as I stode
In thys place and neuer a man wyth me
In cam Pryde garnyshed as yt had be
One of the ryall blode
It greued me to se hym so well be sene
But I haue abated hys corage clene
for a lytell season
By the rode I haue gyuen hym a chek mate
for I bare hym an hand that he cam to late
And that the feld was done
and how hys offyce was gyuen away
Bycause he fayled our mayster that day
I made hym to byleue so
And when I had told hym all thys tale
anone he began to wax all pale
full of care and wo
and now he hydeth hym selfe for shame
I gaue hym myne aduyse to the same
and so he ys gon

sensua ¶Now on my fayth thys was madly do
but in fayth what moueth the therto

enuy. ¶Mary cause had I none
but only that yt ys my guyse
When I se an other man aryse
Or fare better than I
Than must I chafe and fret for yre
and ymagyn wyth all my desyre
To dystroy hym vtterly
But now in ernest Sensualyte
tell me when thys fray shalbe
I pray ȳ hartely. ¶Sensua. What agaynst Rea.

enuy. ¶ Ye the ſame
ſenſua ¶ Tuſhe they be agreed in pary of ſhame
and good cumpany they kepe
enuy. ¶ Agreed ye a/in the mare name
Mary ſyr that were a game
to make ſome of vs wepe
ſenſua ¶ Wepe or laugh man ſo pt ys
and who trow ye ys the ca uſer of thys
enuy. ¶ Who
ſenſua ¶ Age the deuyll hym quell
enuy. ¶ Why ys age now com in place
ſenſua ¶ Ye and that may ye ſpy by hys face
and ye mark pt well
Hys ſtomak farnteth euery day
Hys bak croketh hys hed waxeth gray
Hys noſe droppeth among
Hys luſt ys gone and all hys lykyng
I ſe pt well by euery thyng
He may not lyue long
and all maketh age as I ſayd byfore
He ys the dear/and what trow ye more
thys age hath done
enuy. ¶ What
ſenſua ¶ By my fayth he hath brought in Reaſon
In ſuche wyſe that at no ſeaſon
Nothyng can be wrought
But Reaſon muſt be calked therto
I fere me he wyll vs all vndo
wythin few dayes
As ſone as Glotony had eſpyde
all thys gere he wold not abyde
but went euen hys wayes
Our mayſter prayed hym to tary a ſeaſon
Nay nay quod he/now haue I done
I may no lengar tary
for age and I may not togeder dwell
and ſtreyght way he departed fayre and well
Bodyly luſt ſtode by
and ſaw that Glotony wold nedys be gon
Haue wyth the Glotony quod he anon
for I muſt go wyth the
So that .ii. be gon togeder
Cam there none of theym both heder

enuy. ¶Neuer a one that I ſe.
ſenſua ¶Well they be gon ſome other way
to get a new mayſter as ſone as they may
They can not be onpurueyd
and as ſone as they .ii. were gon
Our mayſter ſent for couetyſe anon
and hartely hym prayd
to abyde on hym well for a yere or two
and he hath promyſed hym ſo to do
as for a yere or tweyn
but Reaſon may not therof know
enuy. ¶Reaſon quod a/no ſo I trow
He wyll that dyſdayn
but where hath couetyſe ben many a day
ſenſua ¶He dwelled with a preſt as I herd ſay
for he loueth well
Men of the chyrche/and they hym alſo
and lawyars eke/whan they may tend therto
wyll folow hys counſell
enuy. ¶So men ſay there as I dwell
but Henſualyte canſt thou tell
Now in thys caſe
what were beſt for vs to do
ſenſua ¶Mary I hold yt beſt that we go
Here by to ſom place
and ſemble together all our cumpany
to here there myndys by and by
and euery mannys oppynyon
what ſhalbe beſt for to do
enuy. ¶By my trouth and be yt ſo
I hold yt well don
¶Than they go forth (Reaſon (Mayn com in.
Rea. ¶Syr I haue oft tymes you adupſed
to lyue vertuouſly/and ſhewd you the way
and that not wythſtandyng/ye haue me dyſpyſed
And folowed Henſualyte/meny a day
wyll ye ſo contynue/ye or nay
If euer ye purpoſe your ſelfe to amend
It ys tyme/for your lyfe draweth faſt to thend
Mayn. ¶I can not contynue/though I wold
for age hath waynd me clene therfro
and yet Reaſon/whan ye me told
Of thys gere meny day a go

I thought I tell/ I ſhuld haue com herto
but had of your wordys/great ſtorn and dyſdayn
Wold god that my lyfe were to bygyn agayn

Rea. Speke not therof/that may not be
a thyng don/can not be called agayn
but the thyng/that moſt fereth me
On your behalue/I tell you playn
Is that ye wold/in no wyſe abſtayn
from ſynfull luſtys/as I wylled you to do
I pll now that age compelleth you therto

Man. That ys full trew/wythout faynyng
as long as myne appetyte dyd endure
I folowed my luſtys/in euery thyng
whyche now by the courſe and law of nature
And not of my polycy/or good endeuoure
Is taken fro me/for euer more
And ſo can I deſerue/no mede therfore
But not wythſtandyng thys myne abuſyon
I truſt that by the help of your good aduyſe
I may be made the chyld of ſaluacyon

Rea. Yes and ye wyll ſyr on warantyſe
So that ye vtterly forſake and dyſpyſe
All your old ſeruauntys in wyll and dede
and do by my counſell

Man. Yes haue ye no drede

Rea. Than my ſoule for yours/I lay to wed
ye ſhall do well/haue ye no myſtruſt
And fryſt to begyn wyth/I you forbed
All maner of dyſpeyre/and ſecundly ye muſt
Put to your mynd/and good wyll
To be recured/of your great exceſſe
For wythout your helpe/yt can not be doubtles
As in thys example/yf ſo be the pacyent
Of hym ſelfe/be wyllyng to haue any remedy
It ys a great furtheraunce to that intent
So that to the preceptys of phyſyk he apply
And who ſo doth the contrary/no maruayll truely
Though he myſchary/What ſhuld I bryng
Any mo examples for ſo playn a thyng

Man. It ſhalbe no nede as in thys caſe
I know ryght well/what ye meane therby
And that wyll I folow by goddes grace

Rea. Than as I told you/yt ſhalbe no mayſtry

your ſelfe to conſort/and to haue good remedy
agaynſt the great ſurfettys/that thou haſt don
By Whyche thou haſt deſerued endles dampnacyon
¶ But do as I ſhall tell the/and haue no drede
And for to gyue the medycyns/moſt accordyng
ayens thy ſores/do by my rede
Loke What dyſeaſe/ys hote and brennyng
take euer ſuche a medycyn as ys cold in Werkyng
So that the contrary in all maner of Wyſe
Muſt hele hys contrary as phyſyk doth deuyſe
¶ Ryght ſo Who ſo luſteth fro ſyn to aryſe
Where he hath in pryde/done any offence
He can be helpen therof none other Wyſe
but onely by mekenes/that ys the recompence
agayn Wreth and Enuy/take charyte and pacyence
take almes dede/agayn the ſyn of couetyſe
¶ And to repreſſe glotyny/acquaynt ȳ Wyth abſtynēce
Agayn foull luſt of body/take chaſtyte (cōtynēce
Wyche ſyn groWeth by Slouth and by Idelnes
and that muſt be eſchеWed by mene of good beſynes
Lo thys be preparatyfys moſt ſouerayn
Agaynſt thy ſores Whyche be mortall
Onles that thys medycyns to theym be layn
Whan thou haſt receyued theſe preparatyfys all
I Wyll com agayn yf thou me call
And order the further after my mynde

Man. ¶ Aye but Where ſhall I theſe preparatyfys fynde

Rea. ¶ Thou ſhalt theym fynde Wythin thyn oWn breſt
Of the yt muſt com/yt muſt be thy dede
For Voluntary ſacrafyce pleaſeth god beſt
Thou canſt not therof haue help or mede
But yf thys gere of thyn oWn hart procede

Man. ¶ Well I ſhall endeuoure me to the vttermoſt
And tyll I haue found theym I ſhall neuer reſt
But hoW ſhall I knoW theym that Wote I nere
I pray you ſheW me that byfore your departyng

Rea. ¶ It nedeth not therof to enquere
Thou ſhalt knoW theym at the fyrſt metyng
Of .ii. contrarys there ys but one lernyng
That ys to ſay Whan thou knoWyſt Well that on
The other contrary ys knoWen anon
¶ Then he goeth out & Mekenes cometh in.
¶ Who ſo Woteth hyſtoryes/of ſcrypture Well

Shall fynde/that for Pryde and presumpcyon
Lucyfer whyche somtyme was a gloryouse angell
For that hys offence/had suche correccyon
That both he/and ehe menye a legyon
Of hys order/was cast downe to hell
Wyth ryght full Justyce/perpetually there to dwell
¶Remember also Adam/the fyrst of our lyne
What payne he suffered/for Pryde and dysobedyence
Causeth he not/a great decay and ruyne
In all the progeny/for the same offence
In suche wyse that he/and all that were borne sence
We vtterly dysheryted/and put fro paradyse
and so we be made/thrall vnto syn and vyce
¶And lost shuld we be/all of very iustyce
Ne had be that god/of hys mercyfull goodnes
Dyd vs sone after/wyth hys owyn blode raynpryce
and vs redemed/fro paynes endles
So that we do not/dysobay or transgresse
Hys hygh commaundementys/but demean vs well
after hys lawes/whyle we here dwell
¶And for as myche as mannys nature
Is frayll/and lyghtly to syn wyll assent
Eyther of purpose/or ontetyng peraduenture
There the sayd good lord hath hym sent
agayn euery syn/a remedy conuenyent
For he ne wold/haue one soule to be lore
Whom he hath dere bought/as I sayd byfore
¶The rote of all syn/ys Pryde ye know well
Whyche ys myne aduersary/in all that he may
Where I am in place/he may not dwell
Hys malycyouse power/I can ryght well alay
And teche euery creature/the remedy and way
How to subdue Pryde/whyche no man can do
Wythout that I mehene sse/must help therto

Man. ¶Than your help and counsell ys necessary to me
Wherof I pray you/wyth all hartys affeccyon

mene. ¶All redy at hand/who so euer yt be
That lusteth to haue me for hys consolacyon

Man. ¶I my selfe haue synned/in Pryde & elacyon
Shew me your counsell/what way shall I take
A dew satysfaccyon/for that syn to make

mene. ¶Thou must byfore/all thyng set lytell pryse
Wyth eyen owyn selfe/and take no hede

Whether the people/do the prayse or dyspryse
Or thou mete in hart/in word and in dede
thynk not that thou/woldyst any man ouer lede
Be soft and lowly/in speche to euery wyght
And vse none aray/that staryng ys to sight
Lo in these thre thyngys/onely standeth Pryde
If thou commyt/the lest of theym thre

Man. Fro thys day forth/I wyll set theym a syde
and folow the counsell/that ye gyue me

Hum. Do so/and I wyll clerely dyscharge the
as for the syn of Pryde/my soule for thyn
thou shalt be all hole/yf thou take thys medycyn

Than he goeth out.

Man. Yes I shall take yt thynk not the contrary
Now am I well eased yet haue I not done all

Charp. There ys no kyrynge physycyon ne potecary
that can deuyse/so souerayn cordyall
agayn the sore of enuy/whyche ys mortall
No man kyrynge/I you ensure
Wythout my helpe/may vnder take that cure
For I am called charyte/the salue for that sekenes
Whom thappostyll Paule/commaundyth synguler ly
In dyuers hys eppystelys. I can well represse
the rancour of Enuy/and gyue therein good remedy

Man. Than ye your counsell/to me full necessary
If ye be charyte/ye are bound doubtles
to haue som compassyon/of your neyghbours dystres

Charp. Why hast thou ben enuyous byfore thys day

Man. Yes as god knoweth well/and that I rew sore

Charp. Well thys must be the remedy/mark what I say
There ys no syn/that dyspleaseth god more
Than doth thys syn of Enuy/and therfore
If so be thou wylt/thyn own soule sauegard
Be thou neuer enuyous/fro thys day forward
Also that syn/ys to man ony naturall
More than any other/in myne opynyon
For all other synnes/mark therin well
A man commyttyth/wyth som delectacyon
But Enuy ys euer/full of payn and passyon
And tormenteth hym selue/wyth sorow full sadnes
When he seeth hys neyghbours prosperyte or gladnes
He ys neuer glad/nor taketh any solace
but at hys neyghbours/harme/losse/or heurnes

De ſpeketh ſomtyme fayre/byfore a mannys face
And yet within hys hart/he ys full of doublenes
For byhynd hys bak/he wyll neuer ſeaſe
Wyth ſclaunderouſe wordys/to appayre his good name
and many a falsly/doth he report for the ſame
Ye know ſyr whether/yt be thus or no
But now a nother whyle/to ſpeke of remedy
If ye wyll be holpen/ſyr thus muſt ye do
Fyrſt byfore all thyngys/loue god entyerly
Next that thy neyghbour/loue as thyne owyn body
That ys to ſay/thou muſt the to hym behaue
and do hym ſuch curteſy/as thou woldyſt of hym haue
Obſerue theſe two thyngys/and do no more
In recompenſe/of thy great treſpace
Touchyng the fry of enuy/reherſed byfore

Mayn. To obſerue theym well/god ſend me hys grace
and I thank you for your cõfort/& counſell in thys caſe
I ſhall me ſelfe endeuoure/accordyng therto

charyty. God ſend the hys grace well ſo to do

Then he goeth out.

pacyen The remedy of wreth/and outragyouſe yre
Muſt nedys com of me/and none other wyſe
For I am called pacyence/whyche quencheth the fyre
And flammys of wreth/yt ys alſo my gyſe
By ſoft words & ſufferaũce/to ouercom myn enemys

Mayn. Now welcom pacyence/for whom I haue ſought
Help me with your cõſell/for his loue yͭ all wrought

pacyen Thys ys my counſell/yf thou wylt withſtand
thy goſtly enemy/and thys temptacyon
thou muſt haue me pacyence/euer redy at hand
Specyally in ſufferyng/of worldly trybulacyon
Remember how cryſt dyd/in tyme of hys paſſyon
there mayſt thou lern/how to be pacyent
In any aduerſyte/that to the ſhalbe ſent
And yet there may be/no comparyſon
Yt wyth the leſte/part of hys payn
And the greteſt wrong/that to the can be don
Wherfore thou wreth/ſhuldyſt not dyſdayn
But gladly thou ſhuldyſt/thy ſelfe refrayn
From yrefull paſſyons/as I ſayd byfore
Eyth thou ſhalt haue a reward/in heuen therfore

Mayn. It ys my full mynde and intent
Hereafter to do/as ye me aduertyſe

pacyen ¶Now be that all goodnes/to be hath sent
Send you hys grace to demean you that wyse
¶Then he goeth out.

Man. ¶I shall do my good wyll/on warantyse
Now who can me best dyrecte
My slouthfull Idelnes for to correct
¶Good occupacyon.
¶The spy of slouth/I can well represse
And I shall teche the/to do the same

Man. ¶How shuld I do yt

occupa ¶By mean of me good besynes
and so am I called/for that ys my name
Idelnes ys neuer/wythout syn or blame
by mean therof/mychc syn cometh in
for yt ys the very moder/and mayster of syn
¶In eschewyng therof/thou must euer vse
Som good occupacyon/in body or mynde
and yf thou do thys/my counsell refuse
So that the deuyll/in Idelnes the fynde
than accordyng/to hys proprietye and kynde
He laboreth fast/by mean of temptacyon
to bryng thy soule/vnto endles dampnacyon
¶Therfore do som good occupacyon alway
as well wyth the body/as wyth mynde inward
And yf thou do not/thys caunsell obay
thou shalt thyn own soule gretely enioard
On that other syde/thou mayst be no coward
Nor ferefull of penaunce/or other good dede
Syth thou shalt be sure/to haue heuen to thy mede

Man. ¶Thys counsell ys good/I thank you therfore
My mynde ys well eased/therein be ye sure

occupa ¶Is there any thyng/elys that I can do more

Man. ¶None to my knowlege/for ye haue done your cure

occupa ¶He that ye wyselye now put in vre
¶Then he goeth out.

lyberalyte. ¶Yes hardely thynk not the contrary
Syth yt ys to me so behouefull and necessary
¶I am lyberalyte/the vertu Cardynall
By whom ys confounded/the syn of auarice
Who so euer lusteth/on me to call
I am redy therin/to gyue myne aduyse

Man. ¶Syr I pray you/in my most harty wyse

lybera ¶ Fyrst thou must be ſory/for the abuſyng
of temporall goodys/byfore thys day
Next that I wyll aduyſe the/byfore all thyng
If thou haſt wrongfully/taken away
Any mannys good/go wythout delay
and therof to thy power/make due reſtytucyon
for erſt ſhalt thou haue/of thy ſyn no remyſſyon
Man. ¶ Why trowe ye that I ſhall not be excuſed
By almes dede/of that offenſe
lybera ¶ No no hardely/thou art gretely abuſed
Thynk not therby/to make recompence
for by that almes thou doyſt great offenſe
and dyſpleaſure to god
Man. ¶ Why ſay ye ſo
Cryſt hym ſelfe bad that we ſhuld almes do
lybera ¶ Ye for god/but that ſhuld be do
Of well goten goodys/ellys ys yt nought
Man. ¶ Well I aſſent gladly therto
as in that one poynt/I am fully taught
Wyt ys nothyng worth/tyll yt be dere bought
But what other amendys/ſhall I make
The foull ſyn of auarice/to ſwage & aſlake
lybera ¶ Thou muſt haue compaſſyon and alſo be lyberall
Vnto thy neyghbour at hys neceſſyte
Man. ¶ I trow ye wold haue me to gyue away all
and leue my ſelfe nought
lybera ¶ I mene not ſo parde
for that ys waſt/and ſynfull prodygalyte
take the myd way/byt wyxt theym two
And fle the extremytees/how ſo euer thou do
¶ Thou muſt thy worldly goodys ſo emplo
In charytable dedys/wyth due compaſſyon
that thou mayſt bye euerlaſtynge ioy
for the good intent/of that dyſtrybucyon
thou mayſt alſo gyue theym/to thy dampnacyon
as whan thou doyſt yt/to wyn therby
Prayſyng of the people/or ſom other vayn glory
¶ for truſtyt well thou muſt geue a rekenyng
Of all the goodys/that com to thyn vſe
the hygh Juge/that knoweth all thyng
to whom thou ſhalt thy ſelfe accuſe
Wythout any appele/or fayned excuſe

Fro whom thou canst not hyde thy face
¶ There shalt thou openly shew and confesse
How that goodys cam /to thy possessyon
What mynde and pleasure/thou hadyst in ryches
And why thou hadyst/therin suche affeccyon
What almes dede/or other good dystrybucyon
Or how thou hast/these goodys wasted or abused
there yt shalbe knowen/yt can not be refused
¶ Than as I sayd to the byfore
thou shalt receyue/after thy deseruyng
Joy or ellys payn/to endure euer more
Man. ¶ Truely thys ys a ferefull thyng
lybera ¶ Therfore remember well my sayeng
Mark well my counsell/and folow the same
Man. ¶ If I dyd not I were gretely to blame
¶ Then Lyberalyte goeth out & abstynence
and Chastyte com in.
abstine ¶ The remedy of Glotony/I can well teche
I am ordeyned/onely for that intent
Man. ¶ And I haue great nede/of suche a leche
your counsell to me/ys ryght expedyent
abstine ¶ Syr yf ye lust/to be my pacyent
And take suche remedy/as I shall deuyse
I shall make you hole/of that syn on Warantyse
Man. ¶ What ys your name
abstine ¶ My name ys Abstynence
And thys other/that cometh wyth me
Is called Chastyte/or ellys contynence
It ys hys gyse/and hys properte
to folow me/Where so euer I be
Lyke wyse as lychery/that dedely sore
Folowyth the bestly syn/of Glotony euer more
¶ Quia delitie sunt instrumenta voluptatis
But now to do that I cam for
Agayn the syn of Glotony/the remedy ys thys
Vse scarcer dyet/than thou dydyst byfore
Beware of superfluyte/and surfet euer more
Take no more than suffyceth nature
Nor of delycate mete/set thou no store
Now haue I sayd all that longeth to my cure
haſty. ¶ And I must nedys/conferme hys sayeng
For as he reherſed/now ryght well
Gluttony of hote metes/and delycate fedyng

Causeth synfull lustys/in a man to swell
and ouer that/thys ys my counsell
Eschew Idelnes/byfore all thyng.
If thou wylt be chast/and clene of lyuyng
Flee also the cumpany/and the occasyon
Of that syn/whyche ys dampnable
As sone as thou feleste/any temptacyon
Put yt clene away/by meanes couenable
Of all other synnys/yt ys most abhomynable
and soneste wyll thy soule endaunger and blame
There be so many great synnys/annexed to the same
If thou lyst not/for fere of dampnacyon
thys syn to forbere/than on that other syde
Do yt for loue/of thyn owyn saluacyon
Thynk what rewardys/in heuen doth the abyde
Whyche yf thou lyue chast/can not be denyde
My wyt suffyseth not/to tell and expresse
What ioy thou shalt haue/for thy chast clennes
Man. I thank you both/for your aduyse
and now wold I speke/wyth repentaunce fayn
abstr. I can bryng you to hym/on the best wyse
Man. Than wyll I awayt vppon you tweyn
and after that/I wyll com hyder agayn
trustyng that god/wyll send me the grace
to comfort my soule/wyth gostly solace
Than they go out/Reason compth in.
I here say/to my great ioy and gladnes
that accordyng/to my counsell and aduyse
thys mortall creature/doth well hys besynes
to correct and forsake/all hys old vyce
And that he ys in good way/and lykely to aryse
from the vale of syn/whyche ys full of derknes
toward the contemplacyon/of lyght that ys endles
Lo syrs/are not we all myche behold
to our maker/for thys great pacyence
Whyche not wythstandyng/our synnes manyfold
Wherein we daily/do to hym offence
yet of hys mercyfull/and great magnyfycence
He doth not punyshe/as sone as we offende
But suffereth in hope/that we wyll amende
He suffereth a synner/sometyme to endure
A long lyfe in honour/and great prosperyte

And many a great/daunger escapeth he
Where good men perysshe/thys may ye se
And all bycause/that he wold hym wyn
and haue hym to tourne/and forsake hys syn
¶ Lo here cometh/he that I toke fore
Syr haue ye done as I wylled you to do

Man. ¶ Ye that haue I don/and what trowe ye more
I haue ben wyth/repentaunce also
Whyche fro my hart/shall neuer go
For he brought me/vnto confessyon
And anon I was acquaynted/with hartys contrycyon
¶ They adursed and charged/me to do satysfaccyon
and so haue I don/to my best power

Rea. ¶ Than art thou fully/the chyld of saluacyon
Haue good perseueraunce/and be not in fere
thy goostly enemy/can put the in no daunger
and greter reward/thou shalt therfore wyn
Than he that neuer in hys lyfe dyd syn
¶ And to thentent/that thou mayst well
Perseuer and contynue/in thys sure way
Or we departhens/by my counsell
Let vs by one accord/togeder syng and pray
wyth as humble deuocyon/as we can or may
That we may haue grace/from syn thus to ryse
as often as we fall and let vs pray thys wyse

¶ Then they syng some goodly balket.

¶ The names of the players.

Nature.	Wreth.	Lyberalyte.
Man.	Enuy.	Chastyte
Reson.	Slouth.	Good occupacyõ.
Sensualyte.	Glotony.	Shamefastn. s.
Innocencye.	Dumplyte.	Mundus.
Worldly affeccyõ.	Charyte.	Pacyence.
Bodyly lust.	Abstynence.	Pryde.

¶ Cum priuilegio.

Nature

These two leaves following are duplicates of ci *and* civ, *as bound up with the British Museum copy at the end.*

Now addresse you therto/and demeane you thus
I shalbe to you/euer good and prosperouse

Man. ¶ Syr I thank you/of thys curtesy
Vndeserued as yet/but be ye sure
I shall my selfe/endeuour by sply
to do that may be/to your pleasure
And for the season/that I shall her endure
I shall theyn cherysse/and to my po'wer mayntayne
That vnto you in any wyse do partayne

p Wor. ¶ Than to bygyn wyth all/I wyll aduyse you
to put thys man/from your company
I tell you/euery man wyll dysspyse you
As long as ye/be ruled by innocency
to folow such counsell/yt ys but foly
for he can nether good nether euyll
and therfore he ys taken/but for a dryuyll

Man. ¶ By my fayth/euyn as ye say
It lyketh me not ryght well
Wyth innocency longe to dwell
therfore accordyng to your counsell
I wyll not after thys day
Wyth hys company my selfe affere
As me thet as yt were a gray frere
I suppose there ys no man here
What soeuer he be
That could in in hys mynde be content
all wayes to be called an innocent
Wherfore yt ys myne intent
to do as ye aduyse me

p Wor. ¶ Ye hardely do euyn so
Inno. ¶ forsoth and I hold me well content
to departe at your commaundement
ye shall fynde me obedyent
What soeuer ye byd me do

¶ Here innocency e goeth out.

sensua ¶ So the company ys well amend
Let hym go to the deuyll of hell
He ys but a boy I warn you well
and shuld ye folow hys counsell
All myghty god defend
yf euer ye lust to play the man
It ys tyme th at ye now bygan
Nary to play the boy now and than

for your dysport and solas
It forceth not though ye do
When ye may haue leyser therto
And among I wyll helpe you also
In due tyme and place
ỹ Wor. Tye that ye wyll in dede
But now syr wyll ye any thyng
Commaund me byfore my departyng
Man. Nothyng at all to my wetyng
But our lord haue you in hys kepyng
And send you well to spede
ỹ Wor. Worldly affeccyon come hyder/ye are polytyke
and mych better enured/in thys worlde than I
I pray you dyspose for me/as ye thynke most lyke
That I may lyue here well and honorably
ỹ Wor. Tye syr I shall. Dout ye not hardely
yf yt lyke you/to put me in so great trust
And I trewe ye shall fynde me/trewe and iust
Man. I wote well I shall. Surely you be bound
To the world/that hath gyuen you so great cõmendacyon
ỹ Wor. Tye syr some men had leuer than a thowsand pound
They myght be commended/of the same fassyon
But syr let passe/all thys commendacyon
and answere to me/I pray you frutefully
In that I shall meue you/substancyally
Syr at fewe wordes/I you exhorte
Syth that ye be come to your owne
Cast your selfe to bere suche a porte
That as ye be/ye may be knowen
Eke yt ys necessary/for that behoue
that there be made/some maner of purueyaunce
Wherby/ye may bere out your countenaunce
Wyll yt lyke you therfore/that I surueye
And se the extent/of all your land
and there vppon/in all the hast purueye
Both for you and yours/all maner of vyand
Wyth other vtensyles/redy at your hand
So that ye be purueyd/all tymes erely and late
Of eche thyng/that belongeth to your estate
Man. Your counsell ys good/do as ye thynke best
I commyt all suche thyng/to your dyscrecyon
I shall do my trewe/dylygence at the lest
To bryng all thyngys/to good conclusyon

Pryde Syr I ſhall tell the how/ whan I am in
To thy maysters ſeruyce I wyll fyrſt begyn
To ſet hys hart on a mery pyn
And byd hym make good chere
I wyll byd hym/ thynk how he ys create
To be a worthy poteſtate
And ebe that he ys predeſtynate
to be a prynces pere
And other thyngys more than thys
I ſhall bryng that hart of hys
To be more howt than yt ys
By a dewys aſe
Specyally I wyll commend hys wyt
That no man can amend yt
And that he ys able therby to ſyt
as a iuge in comen place
And when I prayſe hym thys wyſe
I thynke hys hart wyll begyn to ryſe
and after that vtterly deſpyſe
any opray counſell to here
He ſhall truſt all to hys own brayne
and than wold Reaſon neuer ſo fayne
Though he come and ſuche opryſ wayn
He ſhalbe neuer the nere
ſenſua Surely thys conſeyt ys well found
I ſhall bryng the in ſeruyce for twaynty pound
Pryde Gramercy brother I thynke me mych bound
To the for thy curteſy
But syr abyde here on thyng
I wyll not be knowen that yt ys my ſekyng
ſenſua No more wold I for.xl.ſhelyng
Let me alone hardely
ſenſua Syr yf yt pleaſe you here ys come a ſtraunger
That neuer was aquaynted wyth you ere
Somwhat ſhamefaſt and halfe in fere
To put hym ſelfe in preſe
A goobly parſone be ye ſure
Both of countenaunce and of feature
If he were drawen in portrayture
And a good man doubtles
ye and a wyſe man at all
Wyll yt pleaſe you that I hym call

to ſpeke wyth you. ¶Ma. byd hym com. ¶She. I ſhall
Syr wyll ye come nere.
ſenſua ¶Syr byd hym welcome for the maner ſake
Another day I am ſure he wyll crake
And ſay ſuche a gentylman dyd hym make
Very great chere
Deſyre hym for to dwell wyth you
I tell you he ys a man for your prow
and knoweth the world well I now
No man better than he
Man. ¶Syr ye be welcom to thys place
Pryde ¶I thanke you ſyr/but I do you treſpace
to come thus homly. ¶Henſua,ye a parlous caſe
God wote ye are welcom heder
On my fayth by my wyll
ye ſhall dwell wyth vs ſtyll
Go nere to hym and talk your fyll
I leue you togeder
¶He goeth forth.
Man. ¶Now ſyr what haue ye to ſay to me
Pryde ¶No great thyng ſyr/but I come to ſe
And to know what maner man ye be
That all men prayſeth ſo mouche
Man. ¶Prayſe whom prayſe they. ¶Pryde. Mary you
Man me. ¶Pryde,ye ſyr I make myne auow
They gyue you a prayſyng good I now
I harde neuer none ſuche
and ſurely ye be ryght worthy
I ſe well now they do not ly
and therefore I dyd my hyder hy
To acquaynt me wyth you
But ye may ſay that I am bold
Man. ¶Nay ye ar worth thy weyght of gold
Me thenketh me to you myche behold
I pray you what ys your name
Pryde ¶My name ys Wurſhyp. ¶Man. Wurſhyp now ſurely
The world told me yt was my deſtyny
To come to Wurſhyp or I dye
Pryde ¶Truly I am the ſame
Man. ¶Now Wurſhyp I pray you me tell
your wyſedom and alſo counſell
ye can aduertyſe me paſſyng well
In thyngys that I haue to do